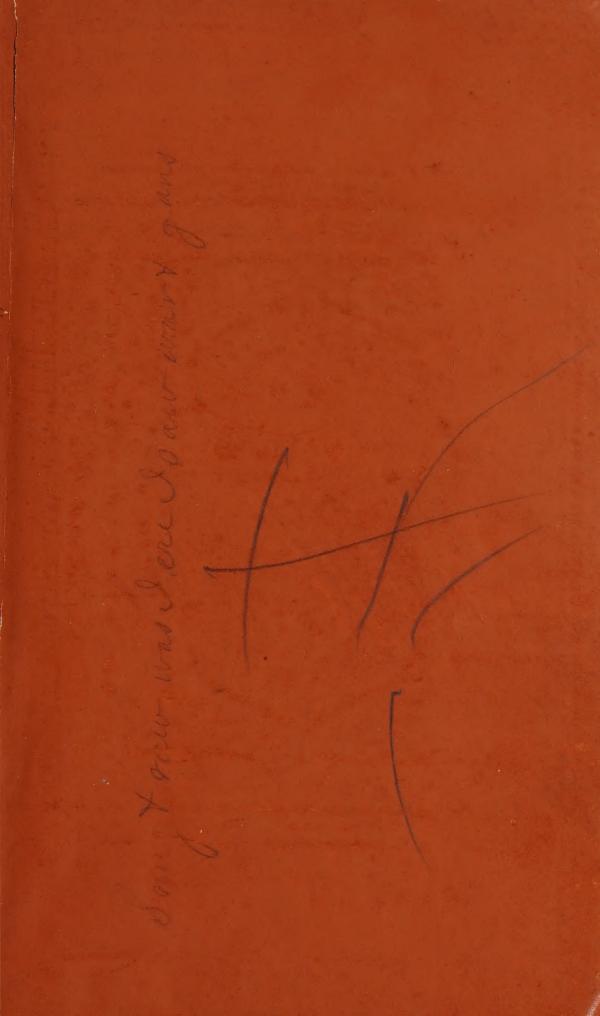
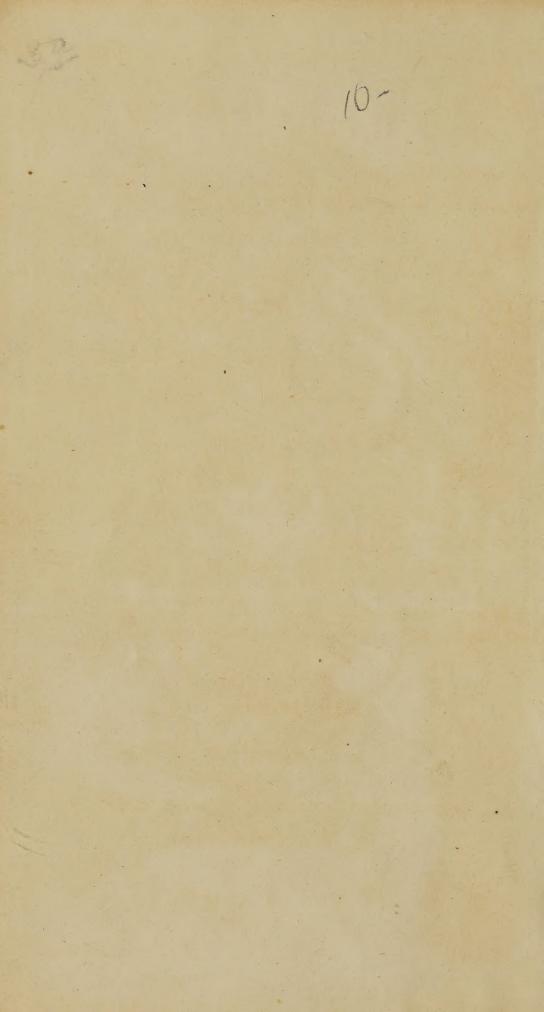


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THE

### COLLOQUIES

OF

## EDWARD OSBORNE,

CITIZEN AND CLOTHWORKER,

By YE AUTHOR OF Mary Powell.

Make thy Master thy Friend, 'Tis thy Good i' the End.

'What LONDON hath beene of auncient Time, Men may here fee; as what it is now, euery Man doth behold.'

STOW'S SURVEY.

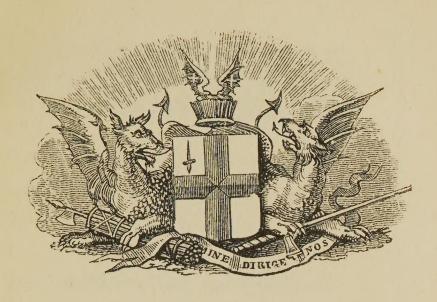
Third Edition.

#### LONDON:

Imprynted for ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., at 25, Paternoster Row.

1860.

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TO THE

## RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR,

೮c. ೮c. ೮c.,

THIS THIRD EDITION

OF

## The Colloquies of Edward Osborne,

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,
AND ANCESTOR OF THE DUCAL HOUSE OF LEEDS,

As by Permission

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OBLIGED AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR OF MARY POWELL.

February 27th, 1860.



I.

#### A Country Lad cometh to Town.

Tabard, and fet forth a-foot, my Mother and me, for London Bridge: I looking right and left for a Glimpse of the great, broad River. But no Water could we see; and the Ways were thronged with Men, Horses, Carts, Waggons, Flocks of Sheep, and Droves of Oxen, pressing along between Stalls set out with all manner of Cates. Anon we come to a big Gateway, with its Portcullis-teeth grinning over our Heads; and a-top of this Gateway, that was slanked with Turrets, and spanned the Road, were ever so many round, dark Objects, set on Poles, leaning this Way

May, 1547. Ned Osborne cometh to London.

B

and

and that; and my Mother shuddered when fhe faw them, and told me they were Traitors' Heads. But between us and this Gateway lay a Drawbridge, the which, as we croffed, gave us a Glimpse of the broad Thames, all a-blaze in the Sun. I pluckt at my Mother's Sleeve, without speaking, and we looked over the Parapet, and could see Boats ducking and diving under a Row of Houses right across the River, some of 'em fix Stories high, with Balconies and projecting Gables, looking ready to topple into the Water, that rushed onward with tremendous Force, eddying and foaming among the Arches. Then I noted at the Foot of each Pier, strange Projections of Timberwork, and askt my Mother what they were, and she could not tell me. But a Man that overheard me, faid they were called Sterlings, and were strong Piles of Wood driven into the Bed of the River. Also he told me the Bridge was fixty Feet above the Water, and that its Founder, Peter of Colechurch, lay y-buried in the Chapel on the Bridge; and

more

more he would have added, but for the Interpofure of my Mother, who faid, "Come, "Child, we linger;" and drew me away. Then we paffed under the Gateway, which was also a kind of Guard-house, and Tollgate; and, quod she, "Now thou art on "London Bridge." But I should never have found it out; for to all Seeming, we were in midst of an ill-paved, exceeding narrow Strete, only fome twelve Feet across, with Fripperyfhops, and fuch-like, on either Side. A great, o'erloaded Waggon, that went first, cleared the Way for us, filling the Space all across; but anon it meeteth another Waggon, even higher than itself, with a Terrier barking a-top; and, the one effaying to pass the other, their Headgear got entangled in the Outworks of the upper Stories of two opposite Houses, and I faw the Terrier jump into an Attick Window, and prefently run forth of the Shop below. Then the Waggoners chode and reviled, for one of 'em must needs back off the Bridge, and fome Sheep and Oxen were coming up behind; and the Foot-passengers jostled and jibed,

Doors, and Wives and Maids from their Lattices, and Swarms of quick-eyed, mifchievous-favoured Lads peered forth of every Bulk; and my Mother cried, "Oh! weary "on them! we may bide here all Night!" .... when, looking hard on the Shop to our left, the fayth, "Why, here's the Golden Fleece!"

And fo we made bold to enter, between a few Rolls of brown and gray Cloth; and found Master Hewet seated behind a Desk, holding a Pen, but not using it, discoursing with a fober-apparelled Friend, and ever and anon casting a quiet, amused Look at the Turmoil on the Bridge. He was what I then counted a middle-aged, but should now reckon a youngish Man, somewhere betwixt thirty and forty Years of Age, of a good Presence and a piercing but pleasant Eye; and with that in his Carriage and Looks that difcovered he had Something within him beyond the common, that tended to excite Affection and Veneration. So foon as his Eye lighted pleafantly upon us, "Surely, "thou

And findeth a Master.

Magister bonus est a Domino.

"thou art the Widow Ofborne!" quod he to my Mother; "and this, by his Favour, I am "fure is the Son of mine old School-mate. "He will, I trust, prove of as good Condi-"tions."

And, putting down his Pen, he quickly led the Way into a pleasant Chamber at the Back, o'erlooking the River, wherein, a watering of fome Flowers on the Window-fill, was a middle-aged Gentlewoman, clad in black, of a benign Aspect, a mild, hazel Eye, and a Tinct that had more of the Pearl than the Peach in it. "Sifter Fraunces," quod Master Hewet, "here is Miftress Ofborne;" whereon the Gentlewoman turned about and spake courteouslie unto my Mother, whom she made to fit down and take Wine and Spicedbread; while I, as a mannerly Youth, stood in Presence of mine Elders. Then sayth my Mother to Master Hewet, "I come, Sir, in "answer to your confiderate Letter, to put "my Boy in your Charge :- he's but country-"bred, though a good Lad, and come of a "good Stock . . . not only born of a Woman, "but

"but taught of a Woman-alas that I should "fay fo!—fave for his School-teaching." "Marry, his Brother-prentice, then, is one of "another Feather," fayth Master Hewet, smiling, "we shall see which turns out best. "Leave your Son with me; and at the End "of a Month or fo, when he hath looked at "the Trade a little, we will decide whether "or no to have him bound." "Alas, Sir," fayth my Mother, with lengthened Face, "may "not all be done now? I have two fmall "Children at Home, mine Absence is unti-"meous, and Travelling is strange to me-I "have the Fee ready, the Boy is willing, and "you cannot choose but be fatisfied with his "Conditions; for the Lad is a good Lad, "though 'tis his Mother that fays fo."

"Well," fayth Master Hewet, after a little Thought, "the Course is uncommon, for "we mainly like to prove a Youth, and see "whether he be likely to do Good at the "Trade, and be a profitable and desirable "Apprentice, before we bind him; but since "your Case is in some Respects singular, it "shall

.1547.

"fhall be as you fay; for, as it happens, this "is one of the Days on which the Court "and Mafter fit to bind and enroll 'Pren-"tices." So forth we went, he making Way for my Mother, and I following laft.

On our way to Mincheon Lane, we fell in with an uproarious Rabble, that, with Shouts, were haling Somewhat through the Mud, which proved to be a Church Image; doubtlefs, just pulled down from its Niche. The Head was rare carven, and floridly painted after the Life; but the Trunk was nothing but a fquared Block, with a Cross-piece for the Shoulders, and looked pitiful enow, now 'twas despoiled of its rich Clothing. Ale-house Keeper at the Bridge-end turned in-doors with Difgust at the Sight, which fome of the Rabblement noting, they cried out, "Here's a Bone for you to pick, Sir "Tobias!" and befet his Door. I afterwards learned he was an ejected Roman Catholic Parson.

When we reached the *Clothworkers' Hall*, the Clerk made out my Indentures; and then

Our Idol yester day, our Football today. "Eyes have they and see not."

then I was taken before the Master to be enrolled.

My Mother having paid the Fee (Spoon-filver they jocofely called it) unto Mafter Hewet, he did not pocket it, but put it into the Common-box, and the Bufiness was done; my Mafter exchanging some pleafant Words with the Mafter of the Company, and the latter bidding me (in the only Sentence he spoke to me), mind the Clothworkers' Motto,—" My Trust is in God alone."

Then, my Mother and I took Leave of one another, afide, as 'twere, in the Doorway; for she was to lie that Night in Tem-strete, at her Cousin Hale's, (who was a Broughton,) and return to Ashford on the Morrow. And she kissed me and wept fore, and fayth, "Ah! Son, thou art full young "to be cast out of the Nest... fain I were "to keep thee: but what though? Thou "canst not always be at mine Apron-string, "and thou hast a brave Spirit and a good "Heart; wherefore, like Hannah, Wife of "Elkanah, I will entrust my First-born unto

How that his Mother fell on weeping.

"the LORD, and fee what he will do for

"thee. . . . And remember, Ned, thou art

"the Son of a Gentleman, and think the Eye

"of thy Father still upon thee."

Then quod I, in answer to my Mother, "Cheer up, sweet Mother, I will never dif-

"grace him nor thee: fo give over thy weep-

"ing, left they should deem the Tears on my

"Face to be mine instead of thine . . . . don't

" melt me, Mother, left they count me but

"a Boy, and make light of our Country

"Breeding."

"A Boy, indeed! What art thou more?" quod she, smiling through her Tears; and with one hearty Kiss and her Blessing, went her Ways.

On our Return to my Master's House, he, noting my Hair to be too long for a 'Prentice, (for, indeed, my Mother was rather vain of it,) gave me a Penny, and sent me to Master Soper, the Barbitonsor, across the Bridge, to have it clipt. Here found I a Man having his Beard trimmed, and another, waiting for his Turn, playing a Mandoline. Seeing me

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And what he said.

Is sent to the Barbi-tonsor's.

look

look forth of the Lattice on the River, boiling and fplashing below, and the Boats shooting the Arches and nearly pitching Head foremost down the Fall, he stayed his Hand, and told me how many Lives were lost in those Rapids by the Year. Then I made bold to ask him what was that great Fortress, with Towers, on the north Bank.

"Thou art a Stranger in London, then?" fayth he, "for every Cockney knows the "Tower, whose foundation Stones were ce-"mented, they fay, with Mortar tempered "with Blood. And truly, Blood enow hath "been fpilt within it to bring a Judgment "on its Walls. Henry the Sixth was mur-"dered in the Tower; George of Clarence was "drowned in the Tower; Edward the Fifth "and Richard Duke of York, those pretty "Innocents, were fmothered in the Tower; "Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard were "beheaded in the Tower. And, for all it "held a King's Parliament, and is our Citadel "of Defence, a royal Palace for Assemblies, "a Council-house for Treaties, a Treasury of "Crown

"Crown Jewels, the royal Mint of Coinage, "the prime Conservator of Records, and the "Armoury of warlike Provisions, yet, for the "Tears and the Blood that have been shed "in it, I could fay, Down with it, down with "it even unto the Ground! And methinks "its evil Story is not yet wound up, but that "a dark Cloud hangs over it e'en now. We "fhall fee! we fhall fee! Many an ignoble "Man rifes aloft, many a proud Man is "brought low. 'Tis time enough at one's "Life's end to fing Gloria. Ah! our Bridge "Tower, whereof I am Gate-keeper, hath "another guess Foundation than Cæsar's; "for on every one of its four Corner-stones "is graven the Name of Jesus; deep, but out

And he peered into my Face as he fpake that Saying, to wit if I felt its Force.

" of Sight."

"And now my Turn hath come to be "trimmed," quod he, "fo thou mayst thrum "the Mandoline."

When I went back, there was a Man with a Burthen leaving the Shop; and my Master fayth,

Fetcheth home his Master's Daughter.

fayth, "Follow this Porter to Master Askew's "in Candlewickstrete, and bring home my little "Daughter, who hath been fpending the Fore-"noon at her Godfather's." So I went with the Porter, and on reaching Candlewickstrete, which was not full of Tallow-chandlers' Shops, but of Drapers, he shewed me Master Askew's House; and I entered and found him in Parley with a Man in a red Coat. Quod he, "Well, I suppose my Lord must "have it, but I like not the Security;" and handed him over a heavy Bag that feemed full of Money. Said the Man in red, flowing the Bag under his Coat, "You were "best not offend my Lord, for I warrant "the Lofs of his Cuftom would make you the "worfe by a pretty Penny." "Tut!" cries the other, "we could better afford to lofe "the Court than the Court to lofe the City." On which they parted. "Who art thou, my "Lad?" quod he. "I'm my Master's new "'Prentice," quod I, "come to fetch Mistress "Anne." "Ah!" quod he, "then you're "from Master Hewet, though you speak as if "there

"there were but one Master in the World ".... Anne! sweet Anne!"

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And, at his Call, there runneth in a fair little Gentlewoman, about fix Years of Age. Sure, never was feen fo fweet a Child! Mafter Afkew caught her up in his Arms and gave her many Kiffes, and told her fhe must return with me; whereon she came and placed her Hand in mine, in full Assurance of Faith. A Gentlewoman, not much turned of thirty, personable, and of the Complexion they call sanguine, followed her forth, with many Injunctions to tell her Father how good she had been, and giving her, at parting, a Piece of sweet Marchpane.

In the Strete, we were so beshoved about, that Mistress Anne presently made Request of me to carry her. So I took her up and set her on my Shoulder, and bade her hold on by my Hair; which she was pleased to say was shorter than mine Ears, or even than mine Eyelashes. And, in seeking to admeasure them, she nearly toppled down; so then I said if she were going to be unruly, besides

I 547.

befides blinding me with the Crumbs of her Marchpane, I must set her in the Stokkes. To which she made Answer, "Then you "must put both my Feet into one Hole; and "even then I shall slip them out." Thus prettily she prattled all the Way, till I told her I thought my Hair was at least shorter than her Tongue. When we reached my Master's Door, I was passing it unawares, when she lugged at mine Hair and cried, "Stop, Boy, stop; you must set me down." I said, "Then you must give me a Kiss." She sayth, "Humph, I've no Objection;" which I thought very funny and very pretty in so young a little Gentlewoman.

Whom he salut-

It was now Supper-time; and, my Fellow'prentice being out, Mistress Fraunces shewed
me how to lay the Cloth, set forth the
Spoons, &c., and told me that London 'Prentices stood behind their Master's Chair at Meal
Times. Just as Tib the Cook had set the
Dishes on the Table, there entereth a hale,
aged Man, white headed, with a merry Eye,
and a thin Cheek besprent with lively red.

My

I 547.

My Master hailed him with Zest, crying, "Ha! "Master Cheke! 'tis of long Time since we "met! How fareth it with thee, Master "Cheke? Come in, Man, come in and sup "with us; and, if thou wilt, lie to-night in "the Green Lattice—there's the old Bed "made up."

"Old Bed!" quod the other, jocularly; "is anything old fit to be offered to me, that "am fo young and fo fine? What though "I'm from the Country, have I not Friends "at Court? Marry, Man, my Kinfman is the "King's Sub-tutor, and I've had Speech of "him this Day."

"If you are too fine for old Friends, I have "no more to fay to you," quod Master Hewet, heartily, and taking his Place at Table, while his Visitor and Mistress Fraunces did the same. "You can't be our Master Cheke.... Now "then, Sir, boiled or roast? You see, though "'tis Friday, we are not quite so scrupulous as "we were wont of old Time, in regard to a "broiled Bone or so... here's nothing from "falt Water save a Dish of Prawns."

"And

"And very pretty Picking," fayth Mafter Cheke, "for a Man that hath had one Supper "already off a King's Leavings . . . . for, "you fee, the pretty Boy goes to Bed at "eight o' the Clock. What a young Miracle "'tis! A very Saint, Sir! excelling any "Edward hath been canonized. Marry, my "Kinfman faid I fhould have feene the fweet "Child blufh, when 'twas told him he was "King; and then fall a weeping for his "Father, whom, peradventure, none other "loved fo purely; for Love kindles Love, "they fay—and, of a Surety, if the old King "loved any one, he loved him."

"Then, his Grace's Speech on his Crowna"tion-day," quod Mistress Fraunces. "They
"brought him the three Swords, for the
"three Kingdoms. 'There ought to be
"'yet another,' quod he, looking about;
"'bring me a Bible.' When 'twas brought,
"—'This,' fayth he, 'is the Sword of
"'the Spirit; as the other three are the
"'Swords of our Temporal Dominions: by
"'them we govern, by this we must be go"'verned,

I547.

"'verned, and under this we ought to live, "'to fight, to rule, and to guide all our "'Affairs.' A marvellous Saying for a Boy "of nine Year old!"

"Ah! I dare fay my Kinfman put him up "to it," faid Master Cheke; "but indeed 'twas "well rehearfed and well remembered."

"Nay, I like not to hear the Credit of a "good Thing taken away from its proper "Owner in that Way," quod Mistress Fraunces fomewhat warmly. "Why should we say, "'Such an One was prompted?' 'fuch a "'Thing was forecast?' Doubtless we all "get our Teaching . . . . from ourselves or "others; and fome few, I think, be Heaven-"taught."

"Well, well," quod Master Cheke, shelling his Prawns; "'twas a pretty Word, we all "must own. How he chode with his Nurse, "e'en in the Nursery, for standing on a Bible "to reach Somewhat off a Shelf!"

"And that was before he learned Lip-"wifdom of Master Cheke," quod Mistress Fraunces. "However, Sir, I disparage not " your

"your Kinfman, though I will not hear you "disparage the King. Honour to whom "Honour is due."

I faw an almost imperceptible uprising of Master Cheke's Eyebrows at this, as though he were inwardly saying, "Place to Ladies:" howbeit, Mistress Fraunces kept her Ground, and, I thought, becomingly. She thought so too, and mentioned afterwards that she had given it to him roundly.

Master Hewet was diverting the Discourse, when a Cry without of "Clubs! Clubs!" was followed by a Shrilling and Screaming like Swifts round a Steeple, and an uproarious Hallooing and Whooping all along the Bridge. Master Cheke started up, and then re-seated himself, muttering, "Young Ras-" callions!"

"callions!"

"And yet," quod Master Hewet, "they are
"the Stuff our sober, substantial Citizens are
"made of. Oh, Sir, I don't mind speaking
"freely before my 'Prentice Lads. They will
"hear no dangerous Matter from me, and
"cannot be too early made to feel that we

" are

"are all one Family. Let them be merry "and wife; the Error is in aiming to be one "without the other."

I would I could call to Mind othermuch that was faid: howbeit, I was young and new to Service, and had not yet attained unto the Facility which practifed Servitors have of noting each Thing faid, hinted, or fo much as looked at Table, while attending to fuch Orders as "The Mustard, Ofborne"... and so forth.

But, or ever they had well fate down, Miftress Anne had run in to wish good Night; and, contriving to tarry, had remained awhile at Master Hewet's Knee, noting all was done and said. And when, referring to some of the King's Council, Master Cheke said, "They are new to their Work, but "will take kindly to it presently," she softly sayth, "Like our new 'Prentice!" which made all laugh.

When Master Cheke had departed, and the Day's Work and Prayer were ended, Mistress Fraunces said she would sit up for Miles Hackathrift,

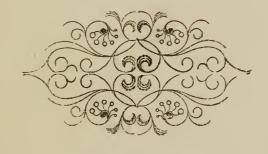
Ye longest Day ends at last. I 547.

athrift, who was out too late, and bade me go to Bed, for that she saw I was weary: (and indeed I had ridden the Pillion twenty Mile that Morning.) Wherefore I thankfully crept up to the Loft a-top of the House, wherein were two Treffel-beds; and no fooner lay down than I was afleep; and might have flept all Night without fo much as turning; but by and by I was arouzed by the Light of a Lanthorn held close to mine Eyes, which opened, fomewhat dazed, on a red, fwollen Face, that had too little Brow and too much Cheek and Chin. Then a furly Voice fayth, "So thou's the new 'Prentice, it feemeth! "Good fo! how prettily thy Mother in the "Country hath had thine Hair cut!" faid, "It was cut in Town, not in the "Country.—Go away, and take the Light "out of mine Eyes, I pr'ythee . . . . I think "thou haft been drinking Something stronger "than fmall Ale, and haft broken thine In-"denture." . . . . "Then I'll brake Some-"thing elfe," quod he; and gave me a Bang on the Head with his Lanthorn, that put

#### of Edward Osborne.

2 I

put the Candle out. Thereafter he had to 1547. go to Bed in the Dark; but I wot not if he grumbled thereat, so soon fell I again on Sleep, too weary to refent his Malefices.



II.

First Day of a London 'Prentice his Life.

May, 1547.

Thou mayest marvel, Hew, that I remember so well the minutest Circumstances of that, my first Day on the Bridge; but by Reason of a young, quick Apprehensiveness of Novelty, I remember that Day better than any other (but one) in the Year; and that Year better than many that came after it.

Edward riseth betimes. "He that would thrive must rise at Five."

Early as I rose the next Morning, it would seem that some one was yet earlier than I; for my Master's large Bible lay open on the Table, as though some one had been a reading it. And, whereby my good Mother had early taught me, during the Famine of God's Word, to snatch a Mouthful of it whenever it

came

came in my Way, albe it were but a fingle Sentence to chew the Cud upon pleafantly at my Work, I cast mine Eye upon the Page, and lighted by Hap on the Saying, "What-"foever thine Hand findeth to do, do it with "thy Might,"—when my Master's Hand was laid upon my Shoulder, and made me start.

"My Lad," quod he, "a Mind sequester"ing itself to the Exercises of Piety, lies very
"open to the farther Discoveries of divine
"Light and Love, and invites Christ to
"come and dwell in it." I louted low, to
thank him for his Grace, albeit it seemed to
me he took me for a better and wiser Lad
than I was. But good Praise takes root and
spreads; and there was no great Damage in
his giving me a little more Credit than I
deserved; inasmuch as we are not born good,
but made good.

Thereafter, Master Hewet taketh me to the very topmost Floor of our House, next the 'Prentices' Loft, and openeth a creaking Door; whereon we enter a low, longish Attick, containing two Looms, at one of which sate a

A Word in Season, how good is it! Fit, non nascitur Christianus.— Ter-

One half ye House witteth not always what passeth in ye other.

Man

Man weaving. There was a Lattice almost the entire Length of the Attick, looking down upon the bright, shining Thames, then sparkling in the Morning Sun, and all in a Tremble beneath a fmart Breeze, while heavy Barges and light Boats full of Garden Stuff for the Markets were paffing to and fro. Chamber, though abject to look at, was delightfome to look from; and the Air was fo clear that I could fee a Housewife in a Stamel Petticoat cheapening Neats' Feet on the Bankside, and the Easterlings unloading their Cargoes at the Steelyard. But the Man at the Loom had no Eye for these Things. He feemed not much under fifty Years of Age, and had a pale, pain-worn Face, and patient, gentle, though not happy Afpect. A Blackbird in a Wicker Cage hung at the open Window; there were fome two or three old Books on a Shelf, and a dozen Flower-pots or fo on a little Ledge outfide the Attick, between the Roofs, which was railed in and made into a fort of Garden.

"Here's a Man, now," quod my Master to

me

I 547.

me in a low Voice, "hath fo little Care for "aught beyond these four Walls, as never "e'en to have spared Time to look on Fisher's "Head, at the Bridge-end, all the While the "Strete was so thronged with the gazing "Rabble as that scarcely a Horse nor Cart "could pass. Nor do I believe he would "have cast a Look up at poor Sir Thomas "More, save on his Way to the Burreller's."

"A fair Morning, as you fay, Master," returned *Tomkins*; "I wish you Joy of it."

"Here's your new Scholar," quod my Mafter; "you will fet him going, and are "fcarce likely to find him more awkward than "Miles."

"I hope I shall find him a good Deal less "fo; and less froward, too, or I sha'n't count "him good for much," quod *Tomkins*, turning about, and looking hard at me. "I like his Face, Master," quod he.

"Here, give him the Shuttle, and let us "fee how he will handle it," quod Master Hewet.

"Not

"Not mine; he may have Miles's," interposed Tomkins, rising with some Difficulty, and going to the other Loom; and I then observed he was very lame. "Here, Lad, "see, this is the Way," quod he.

So I tried, awkwardly enough, and made them both laugh; and laughed too. But I went to it with a Will, and anon they faid I was mending.

- "Miles might have done an Hour's Work" by this Time," observed Tomkins, "but" I've seen nought of him."
- "Because Mistress Fraunces hath sent him "to Trolop's Milk-farm for Curds and Cream," quod my Master; "don't be hard upon "him."
- "I wish he may not do what he did the "last Time I sent him of an Errand," quod Tomkins, dryly—"tarry by the Way to see "a Horse-dealer hanged."
- "That would have spoiled my Relish for "Curds and Cream," quod Master Hewet. "I "think he must have returned ere this. Ned "shall bring up your Breakfast, Tomkins."

As

As we went down—"Do all thou canft, "Ned," quod my Master, "in the Way of "fmall Kindnesses, for that poor Journeyman "Freeman.—A few Years fince, a Horse "trod upon his Foot and lamed him for "Life. My Wife, who was his Foster-sister, "and felt a Kindness for him, had him here "to nurse; and, by the Time he had reco-"vered as much as he was ever likely to do, "he had become fo fond of us and of his "Attick, that, albeit our Ordinances are "fomewhat stringent against Master Cloth-"workers keeping Weavers at Journey-work "in their own Houses, the Wardens have "overlooked it in his Cafe, and let him abide "on Sufferance. And though I don't expect "to make my Fortune by any Weaving I "get out of you or Miles,—and have, indeed, "Plenty of very different Work for you,—yet "'tis well you should know somewhat of the "Practice of your Craft, and I look to you "to attend to it whenever you would other-" wife be in Idleness." When we reached the Ground-floor, there

was

was Mrs. Fraunces buying Roses and Gilly-flowers at the Door, which she afterwards set in Midst of the Breakfast-table; for 'twas a notable Way of hers, I always observed from the first, to contrive to give e'en the simplest Meal the Air of a little Banquet, whether by a Posy, a Dish of Fruit, or whatever it might chance, to grace her plain, plenteous Providings.

Paired, not Matcht. The first Note I had of *Miles Hackathrift* being at Hand, was when I returned from carrying up to *Tomkins* his fried Fish and Bracket. He came behind me, took me by the Shoulders, and gave me a smart shaking.

"Come, now," quod I, when he had done, "art thou going to be civil or trouble"fome?"

"Troublesome," replied he, decidedly.

"Oh! well," quod I, "then we shall not come to a good Understanding, it seems, "till I have given you a Beating; but for your Sake I'll put it off as long as I can."

"Your Time is mine, Sir," quod he; "don't be in a Hurry, nor yet put it off too "long.

"long. The fmallest Favour shall be cheer"fully accepted."

"Ah," quod I, "if that were a true Word of yours, how pleasantly we might get on together!"

"Pleasantly! quite the other Way, I "think," quod he. "Why, quarrelling's the "very Spice of Life!"

"Keep Spice for rich Men's Tables, then," quod I; "I can eat my Breakfast very well "without it."

"Ah!" fayth he, "you've been brought up by your Mother!"

"And what if I have?" quod I, quickly.

"Have you, though?" quod he, laughing.

"Marry, you have now told Tales of your-

"felf! Though I could have gueffed it."

"May there never be a worse Tale to tell
"of you," quod I. "How mean you?"
quod he, briftling up. "Just what I say, and
"no more," quod I; "my meaning is full
"simple, I think." "Like yourself, then,"
quod he; "I don't believe you could say Bo!
"to a Goose." "Nor Pruh! to a Cow, per"haps,"

"haps," quod I. "Lads! Lads! be quiet "there!" cries Mistress Fraunces, from the Parlour.

"What would be the Effect of that, "though?" quod Miles, without minding her, as foon as he had done Coughing, by reason of a Fish-bone that stuck in his Throat. "To set them scampering," quod I, "as I "did one Day, into the midst of a Pleasure "Party." "Ha, ha, ha!" cries he, "I'll "try that in Trolop's Fields; there are Lots "of Cows there, and Pleasure Parties too "on Summer Evenings. Lovers and Lover-"esse, a eating of Curds and Whey!"

—"Really, Brother," faith Miftress Fraunces, the next Time my Master went into the Parlour,—for though her Voice was low and sweet, it was so distinct that oft-times I could not help hearing what she was saying,—"truly, Brother, those Boys of yours wrangle "fo when they're together, that it is Misery "to hear them."

"Boys will be Boys," quod he, peaceifyingly; "I was one myfelf a long while ago.

"However,

I 547.

"However, if they have faid anything punish-"able, I must beat them; but, if not, put a "little Cotton Wool into your Ears, Sister "Fraunces."

"Nay," quod she, relenting, "there was "nothing punishable in aught they said; and, "as to getting them a Beating, they'll give "each other enough of that, I'm thinking. "Twas such give and take, snip and snap, "parry and thrust, as that I could scarce for bear laughing."

"Don't stop your Ears with Cotton Wool, "then," quod my Master cheerily, "for a "hearty Laugh is worth a Groat. They'll "have little Time for Fighting, this Morning, "for I have Plenty for them to do."

Despite of this, however, *Miles* found Time for a little more "fnip and snap," as Mistress *Fraunces* called it, before Dinner. Seeing me start forth on an Errand as he returned from one, he quietly sayth in passing, "See "how pretty he looks with his Cap on!" whereon it struck me that every 'Prentice Boy I had seen running about had gone bareheaded;

headed; and, fmiling, I put my Cap in my Pocket.

In those Times, Hew, the Saturday Afternoon was somewhat between a Holiday and a holy Day. People went to Evening Service at three o'Clock, and, after that, there was no Business done, save in preparation for the Sabbath; and thoughtful People enjoyed an holy Pause, and young, light Hearts took their Pastime.

Miles, with Mischief in his Eye, proposed to me a Row on the River, which I, nothing afeard, agreed to; for I had been in a Punt aforetime, if not in a Wherry. He refused the Aid of a Waterman, saying lightly, "This "young Gentleman knows the Use of a "Scull;" and, running hastily along the Boat to secure the Stroke-oar, his Foot tripped against a Thwart, and he lost his Balance, and fell into the River. I guessed where he would come up, and, sitting on the further Gunnel to trim the Boat, held the Oar to him, and guided his Hand to the Side, which enabled him to scramble in. The Water-

men,

men, who had run down to us as foon as they faw him fall over, laughed when they faw him fafe, and cheered me; and he, looking rather foolish, fayth, "Well, I told them "thou knewest the Use of a Scull." him which Way we should pull; howbeit, he was fo drenched that he must needs go Home to change his Clothes, and bade me give the Waterman a Penny, faying he had not fo much as a Genoa Halfpenny about him just then to buy a Custard at Mother Mampudding's. When he had changed his Undergarments, and hung his Gown at the Kitchen Fire, he amused himself by dropping Pellets from the Window on the People in the Boats that shot the Arch beneath; and Tib, with her Head stretched forth of the other Half of the Lattice, offered to Rehearfe unto me the Name and Calling of every Dweller on the Bridge, from the Parson and Clerk at the one End, to the old Lady that lived all alone by herself with her Cats at the other. Howbeit, Miles, tiring of waiting for his Gown to dry, put on another, and bade me bear him Company

Company to Finsbury Fields. But first he lay in Wait behind the Door, and then stole subtilly forth, like a Cat that had been stealing Cream; and on my asking him why, he laughed and said, only that Mistress Fraunces might not see him in his Sunday-gown of a Saturday, for that would be contrary to Rules and Regulations.

Arrived at Finsbury Fields I saw what was certainly the finest and busiest Sight I had ever yet feen in my Life; which indeed is not faying much. The Fields themselves were open and pleafant, with plenty of Windmills in full Rotation in the Distance; their white Sails playing afore a dark Rain-cloud; and the Stretes that led to them beyond Moor Gate, full of Shops kept by Bowyers, Fletchers, and Stringers. Here, on the open Ground, we found, I say not Crowds, but Shoals of lithe and limber 'Prentices; and of athletic Freemen, too, and grave and weighty Citizens, where was Room for all -with Archers' Butts fet up in various Directions; and an infinite Number of the

finest

finest young Men the City could turn out, practifing at them with their long Bows; none of them being allowed to shoot at a Mark nearer than eleven fcore Yards. Numbers of the Masters, standing by, were watching, encouraging, and applauding them, to their great Increase of Emulation. Others again were using their Wasters and Bucklers, others kicking the Football; in the more open Ground, Citizens' Sons were racing on Horseback, and some of them practifing Feats of War; others were wrestling, leaping, and casting the Stone. And on every Hand, Venders of Cakes and Suckets. On the Field, we came unawares upon Master Hewet, who fpake us kindly, and noted not the Matter of Miles' Sunday-gown. And so the Day ended.

As we went Home, Miles told me how the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs were accustomed on St. Bartholomew's Day to see the City Officers wrestle with all Comers, at a set Place in Clerkenwell; and, two or three Days after, to witness the shooting

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know.

shooting of the broad Arrow, both of which I thought I should much delight to behold; but was quite unfit for when the Time came; as thou, in due Course, shalt



#### III.

Ye Disposition & Economy of Master Hewet's House.

My Master's House had six Stories, the lowest of which was sixty Feet above the River. First came the Kitchen, which, being partly sunk in the Arch, might, if not in a Bridge, have been counted parcel underground. It had a Casement just over the Key-stone, and no thorough Draught; the Larder being a Lean-to or After-thought, stuck outside, like a Bird's-nest against the Wall. Level with the Strete lay the Shop, with a small Ware-room, or Writing-closet adjoining; and, behind it, three Steps above it, by Reason of the Kitchen beneath, the

" My
House,
my
House,
though
thou art
small,
Thou art
to me
th' Escurial."
Parva,
sed apta.

common Sitting-room, overlooking the River. A narrow, fleep Stair led to the Floor above, which had Miftress Fraunces's Sleeping-chamber, wherein lay Mistress Anne, over the Shop, and a Summer-parlour, which for that it had a Balcony over the River, commonly went by the Name of the Balcony Room. hung with blue Buckram; and, by Reason of its Pleasantness, Mistress Fraunces made it her chief Sitting-room, while Miftress Anne played with her Dolls. Also there was a Closet wherein lay Tib. Above this was a large Chamber that covered the whole Floor from Front to Back, with a Window at either End; and, because of its projecting and overlapping the Floor below, was fundry Feet the longer: this Room was wonderful pleafant, and commonly called the Green Lattice, or Lattice-room, from having a large green Lattice that overlooked the Thames. In my Master's early married Days, which he was wont to fay had been, like those of many a young Husband, his poorest and happiest, he had been glad to let off this Chamber to

a Lodger.—His Father dying, and leaving him Money, he left the retail for wholefale Business, gave up his Lodger, and used the best Chamber himself; but with Wealth came, as usual, a Counterpoise: his Wife died untimely in this fame Chamber; whereon he conceived a Dislike of it; and Mistress Fraunces then coming to refide with him, and occupying his old Quarters, he mounted up to the fourth Story, to a Room that o'erlooked the Strete. Above this was Tomkins' Attick, and, last of all, our Lost. The Wind whiftled fearfomely up there, o' Nights, and made the Walls rock round us; not that there was often any one wakeful enough to mind it.

In the Green Lattice, though unoccupied, there stood a carven Oak Bed, with dark green Hangings lined with yellow Fustian, and Linen, a Miracle for Whiteness, ready for any chance Guest. I thought, boy-like, as I glanced in, passing up and down, 'twas sit for the Sleeping Beauty to lie in during her Trance of a hundred Years. There was

"Her Mother's Ghost stole softly in, And watched at her Bed-side."

a great Jar of dead Rose-leaves, that smelt rarely; and I always had the Notion they had been gathered by Mistress Anne's Mother. I wondered, with a strange, yet pleasing Awe, whether her Ghost ever walked here, now that her little Girl passed Hours in the Room by herselt, singing over her Dolls; and thought it might, perhaps, steal softly in and keep about her when we little wisted.

Tib, the Cook, made and kept but few Friends. She was turned of Forty, and had a notable fcorched Face, that looked like a Kitchen Fire. Also she was a Woman of much Thirst, both for Ale and News; and would have been counted a notable cleanly Woman, had she not been so dirty. For Example: she would set the House associated with Bucketsuls of cold Water, till only Noah's Dove could have found Rest for the Sole of its Foot; and yet, the next Minute, would sling a Tub-full of Dish-water straight into the River, on the Heads of any Passengers that might hap to be shooting the Arch.

Arch. She got into Trouble, once or twice, for this.

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His daily Course.

Now, when I fell into my daily Course, Part of my Time was fpent under the Eye of my Master, and within hearing of his pleafant Talk, Part in running about the Town, and Part with Tomkins; fo that I was happy from Morning to Night. For, Miles not being fond of waiting upon the poor lame Journeyman, I made it a Labour of Love; and he, being a tender-spirited Man, very fenfitive to fmall Kindnesses, took hugely to me, as I shortly did to him. He had a bufy Mind, that was always at Work; and his Occupation leaving him much Leifure for Head-work, he was always chewing the Cud upon this or that Problem he had conned at odd Minutes out of his old Books, or brooding upon Mysteries that were harder to crack, and less safe for an unlearned Man to meddle with. Also he had a mechanical Turn, which he exercised at what he called his Play Hours, thereby only exchanging one hard Work for another; but

he

he was fo fond of it, that I was always glad to fee his little File and Pincers in his Hand. Thus it came to pass, that he never cared to stir from his Attick into the World beneath, (though I found, afterwards, he generally contrived to creep out somewhere on Sundays when we were all in Church;) for, he faid, Air he had plenty of, Exercise was a Mifery to him, and as for Company, had he not all he cared for already? A few kind Words from Master Hewet, continual Chat with me, a bright Glimpse of Miftress Anne, and a Visit now and then from Mistress Fraunces, were all he had, and all he liked. For Miftress Fraunces he had a wonderful Respect, and even Admiration; commending her gentle Temper, womanly Carriage, and pleafant Voice; and bidding me note (which I did on his naming) that she had, for her Years, the finest Hand that a Woman was ever graced with. I faid, I wondered she had never married. He faid, "Aye, indeed, what can the Men have been "about?" with a little Smile, that I did not feel

feel to be quite respectful; and I wondered that even the gentle *Tomkins* must have his Fling at single Women.

Mistress Fraunces was used to accompany my Master to the Hall Dinners; indeed, being a Sister of the Company, she was liable to a Fine if she did not, except by Reason of Illness. However, now and then, she stayed away; and then, when my Master returned, she would ask him with great Interest what had been served up; and, being a she went along: thus:—

"Well, Brother, and what did you have "to-day?"

"Why," fayth he, "there was a Porpoise, "to begin with."

"A Porpoise!" then cries she, "oh! what "a nasty coarse Fish! They are seldom or "never now seen at Table. Well, what "else?"

"Two Congers and two Turbot."

"Ah! of course, Nobody would touch the "Porpoise. Congers, the largest in Wetsish- "mongersrow,

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- "mongersrow, fix Shillings each, this Morn-
- "ing. Turbots, three—eighteen. Well?"
  - "Sirloin of Beef-Half a Veal-a standing
- "Coney, with a blue Ribbon round his
- "Neck."
  - "Hold, Brother, not fo fast. Beef, we
- "all know, is a Penny a Pound—we thank
- "King Harry for that. I faw Half a Veal
- "to-day at Half-a-crown."
  - "Two dozens Pigeons."
  - "Two Shillings."
  - "Some of your French Kickshaws-' Pettiz
- "' Birds rostez.'., .. And 'pain-puffe avec un
- "'cold bake-meat."
- "We have that every Sabbath," quod she, dryly, "without its fine Name. I suppose "you had Sweets."
- "Oh, yes; Leche Lombard; Pears en ferop;
- "Fritters, Doucettes, and une grande Custard."
  - "Come," fayth she, "that was pretty well
- "-enough, and no Profusion. But the Por-
- "poife fpoiled all. And they might have
- "given you a Swan instead of a Coney. But
- "ftay; had you no Mortreuse?"

"No

"No Mortreuse."

"Out on it!" quod fhe, "then I would "not have given a Fig for your Feaft. "There's nothing you had that we can't "have at Home, fave Mortreuse: I shall not "rest till I know how to make it."

At this Time, every one in the House feemed, according to their feveral Dispositions, peaceful and happy: e'en Tib, after her Manner, whether eating a plentiful Meal, fetting the House afloat, stretching forth of the Kitchen Window in the full Tide of Goffip with the Maid next Door, or hemming a Lockram Pinner. She and Miles were Friends to-day, Foes to-morrow. One Minute, she would be giving him a Sop-inthe-pan; the next bafting him with the Ladle. One Day, because he had soiled her fresh-scoured Floor with his muddy Shoes, she protested he should clean it; they had a real, earnest Fight, which a Man should be above having with a Woman;—and he pulled out a Lock of her red Hair, a fmall one,—which she snatched up from the

"The ill at Ease may roam: Give me my quiet Home."

Floor

Floor and pocketed, faying she would shew it to Mistress Fraunces. Howbeit, she did not.

I affected a quieter Companion in the Attick; and one not without his Teaching, for he was letterish after his Fashion, and had been in Paul's School. And, among his much used Books, there was Lilly's Grammar, and even Prudentius and Lactantius; and another, in his Eyes worth all the Rest, calling it "real Literature," and the others "mere Blotterature," a Joke of old Dean Colet's. This precious Volume looked to me mighty dull, being full of algebraic Signs; but he earned many a Headache over it, and gave me a Headache too, sometimes, in trying to help him.

Pleafant Hours those were! in that quiet Attick, with the *Thames* trembling in silver Light far below, while the Watermen clave it with their Oars to the mellow Song of "Heave ho, rumbelow!" and "Row the "Boat, *Norman!*" The Blackbird sang as cheerily as if he were in the green Woods

of *Kent*; and ever and anon the pretty Laugh of Mistress *Anne* would be heard from the Green Lattice, or she would peep in and say, "Have a Cake, *Edward*?" "Have "a Cherry?" and leave her little Gift and run away.



IV.

### IV.

Noteworthy Deed of a Boy taught of a Woman.

August, 1547.

I AM now coming, Hew, to what hindered me of feeing the Shew in Clerkenwell on St. Bartholomew's Day. Man proposes, but God disposes: all Things are overruled for Good to them that love him-I'm fure I found it fo in this Cafe.

The Weather was now excessive hot: Miles and I used to take Boat whenever we had a spare Evening, and practice Swimming off Battersea. Also, we sometimes bathed in Perilous Pond, wherein many 'Prentices are yearly drowned; hard by the Well of Dame Annis the Clear.

As for Tomkins, his whole Soul was in

the

I 547.

the making of the queerest Watch that ever was feen; howbeit, clumfy as it was, he at last made it go; though it never could keep up with St. Magnus' Clock.

Mafter Hewet was anxious, one Forenoon, to communicate by Letter with an Agent on the Point of embarquing for Callice. I had a Race against Time to the Quay, sped my Errand, and returned beneath a broiling Noon-day Sun. When I got back, I was over-heated and very thirfty, and thought I would step into the Kitchen for a Drink of cold Water. I had pulled off my warm blue Gown to cool myself, and went into the Kitchen with it hanging on my Arm. Leaning forth of the Lattice, according unto her Wont, was Tib, a parleying with the next-door Servant; and with her left Arm cast about the Waist of Mistress Anne, who fate on the Window-fill with her Back to the River. On feeing me come in, the little Maiden clapped her Hands, which startling Tib, who supposed herself caught by Mistress Fraunces, she maketh no more Ado, but turns

turns fhort round in a Flurry, giving a Lurch with her left Arm, that cast the pretty Innocent headlong into the River. I remember Tib fquealed; but without a fecond Thought, I dropped my Gown that fo luckily was off, and took a Leap that was clean fixty Feet into the River, without fo much as a Thought what I should do when I got there. I remember the Blow the Water gave my Head, and what a Way I went down, and how I bobbed up again, as Providence would have it, with the dear little Fondling within Arm's-length of me, drifting towards the Fall beyond the Arch. Ι clutched at her by the pretty Waist, just as the Eddy was going to fuck her in, and, striking out once or twice with the other Arm, though the Rapids were bearing me down horribly, found myfelf the next Minute a clinging on to the Sterling, without Power to climb up it, fo fpent was I, and feeling as if I must lose Hold of little Anne after all! wot not how much of the Noise I then feemed to hear was the Water finging in mine

mine Ears, and the Uproar of the Falls; how-beit, there were People hallooing above and around, and my Mafter's Voice a-top of all, from the Parlour Window, overhead, crying, "Hold on, Ned, for thy Life! we'll fave you, "my brave Boy! Cling to him, Anne, if he "can't cling to thee!"

And, before this, there had been a Roar, as if through a Speaking-trumpet, of "Boat "a-hoy!" and I heard Oars plashing fast, though I could not spare Strength to turn my Head to fee how near Help was. Then a rough, kindly Hand laid hold of me from behind; and, finding I had no Power to help myself, the Waterman took me under the Arms, and lifted me clean into the Boat, with the dear little Girl hanging about my Neck. Oh! what a Cheer there was! I heard it then, I hear it now: it came from around and from above, as if God's Angels were hovering over us. We were rowed fwiftly to the Landing, where there was a Press of People that mutely fell back to make Way for Master Hewet, as he ran down

the

the Stairs; for he was greatly loved along the Bridge. He would have caught little Anne from me; but I could neither speak nor let her go; and he fayth, "So best!" and burst forth into Tears. That fett off all the rest; and when fome one afterwards faid, "Where-"fore cheered ye him not when he came "a-land?" another made Answer, "How "could we? all were in Tears." So I went along, carrying little Anne, still fast to my Neck, with her Cheek close pressed to mine, and they faid, "It's all right, it's his Tri-"umph." But I thought not fo much of any Triumph, just then, as how thankful I was to God. When we got to the House, Mistress Fraunces took the poor, drenched Innocent from mine Arms; and Master Hewet, taking me round the Neck, abfolutely kiffed me—which was a memorable Thing for a Mafter to do by his 'Prentice: only, you fee, I had faved his Daughter.

Well, that Evening was fpent betwixt laughing and crying—fcolding *Tib*, and *Tib's* faying she must leave, and Mistress Fraunces

faying

faying no one would take her with fuch a Character as the must give her; and then my Mafter interfering, and faying the must go for a While, at least, to her Friends, till he could endure the Sight of her; and then Tib crying, and faying the had got no Friends; and his relenting, and faying, Well, then, she must ftay till she could get another Place, and keep out of his Sight all she could, and never do fo any more. Then came Supper, I waiting on my Master, and Mistress Anne neftled in his Arms in a warm Wrapper, for fhe faid if the went to Bed the should dream of falling into the Water. And my Master liked to feel he had her fafe, and she and I exchanged many fond Looks; and we grew merry. For Mafter Hewet filled me a Cup from a long, narrow-necked Bottle of fome marvellous pleasant Wine, and Mistress Fraunces helped us all round to Cake that had ne'er its like for Richness; and there were People dropping in to inquire, and bewail, and felicitate. So the Bottle was foon emptied; and when I went to Bed, my Head was in a

Maze,

Maze, and my Temples beating like Black-fmiths' Hammers. As for Sleep!—whenever it came nigh me, bang went mine Head against the Water!—and I rose up with a great Start. While, as long as I lay awake, I heard (and saw too, with mine Eyes ever so close shut) People cheering and crying and casting Ropes, and leaning out of Lattices, and rowing Boats that made no Way; and felt Anne's Arm slip-slipping from my Neck, and I with no Strength to hold her; and, through and above all, the great Bell of St. Magnus clanging and tolling through the livelong Night.

But, what was very marvellous, when Morning came at last, and, I suppose, I awoke, though it seemed me I had never fallen on Sleep, . . . . there was I, not in the Lost, but in the Green Lattice Chamber, lying on that beautiful Bed I thought fit for the Sleeping Beauty! And there was a Chirurgeon with a Lancet in his Hand, and there were Basins and Bandages, and my lest Arm was stiffened, and I selt very weak. Mistress Fraunces had

her

her Arm aneath mine Head, and my Master, with his grave, kind Face, stood a-foot of the Bed. And, to my great Surprise, I heard Twelve o' the Clock striking on the Bell of St. Magnus, and, I think, every other Clock in London, my Hearing seemed so tender; and the Phlebotomist sayth, "He'll do, now.—"Next Time you leap from such a Height, my "Boy, class thine Hands a-top of thine Head."

—But oh! I did not foon get well. For I wot not what had come over me, . . . none of us ever could rightly tell, . . . whether the fudden Chill after being fo hot, or the Plunge from fo great an Height, or the Turn of my Blood with Fright at feeing Anne fall in; . . . but as foon as ever I effayed to arife and drefs, my Mafter and Tomkins being by, I began tumbling about, and could neither hear nor fee; leaftwife, Nothing that was really to be feen and heard. And with fuch fearfome Pains in my Head! So hot, and yet fo cold! Such Thirst, and fuch loathing of Food!

In short, I was sick nigh to Death, of what the Leeches call Fever o' the Brain. Thereon the Kindness I received is past all telling. Mistress Fraunces seemed never out of Sight. Also Tib was very handy and officious, never minding climbing ever so many Stairs. And Miles did the odd Work for all, spake under his Voice, and went about without his Shoes. At dead o' Night, I sometimes law my Master at the Bed-soot, reading his Tyndal's Testament, (one o' the few that scaped burning,) with the Lamp shaded so as not to shine into mine Eyes. At other Times, Tomkins. But his Book was never the Testament.

Tell me your Book-companions, and I'll tell you what you are.

One Night, when the latter was with me alone, I faid fuddenly, "Tomkins! the Night "is far fpent, the Day is at Hand!"...
"No, Lad," quod he, "it wants many "Hours yet to Day. It hath but just struck "eleven." "Ah, but," quod I, "those "Words I used are Scripture, I think; for "I heard Master Hewet, as he sate a-reading, "whisper them over to himself. Do look "out

"out for them, will you, that I may "know I was not dreaming. They worry "me."

Tomkins did not much like the Task; howbeit, he laid down his own Book, and turned over the other.

- "I don't fee them," quod he.
- "How can you, in the Dark?" quod I.
- "I'm not in the Dark!" quod he.
- "Well, then," quod I, turning on my Pillow reftlefsly, "I fuppose I am. I thought "you had been, but peradventure I'm wan-"dering again."

After long Silence, he fayth, in a Voice, hushed, and quite altered, "I have them "now...they are close to your Master's "Mark." And continued reading.

After a While, I faw him turn back again to his Starting-point, and fit in a Muze, with his Eyes fixed; and after that, read again.

I faid foftly to him, prefently, "Tomkins, "where do you go on Sundays?"

"Who fpoke?" cried he, with a Start.

I 547.

- "I did," quod I. "Who elfe fhould fpeak?"
- "Thy Voice founded fo low and fweet,
- "Boy," quod he, recovering himself, "that
- "I wift not it was thine."
- "Well, but," perfifted I, "where do you go on Sundays?"
- "Not to Church," answered he, after a Pause.
- "But why not, *Tomkins?* Haft thou not a Soul to be faved, as much as we?"
- "As much, no more," returned he; "if we "have any Souls."
- "Oh!" cried I, half starting up, but obliged to fall back again directly, "could a "Man without a Soul make a Watch?"
- "Well," quod he, after a Pause, "there you pose me. But all, all is dark."
  - "Tomkins!" cried I, "you make my Head
- "ache, ready to split, and my Eye-balls feem
- "too big for mine Eye-lids to flut over "them. So hot, too, as they are! I cannot
- "argue with you. But oh, Tomkins! if all
- "is dark, remember that 'the Night is far
- "'fpent, the Day is at Hand!"

- "So this Book fayeth," rejoined he, thoughtfully.
- "Well," faid I, fighing, "I fhall foon know."
  - "Know? why?"
- "Why, because, Tomkins, I think I am "very likely dying . . . and then, if I have "no Soul, where do you think I shall go "to?"
- "I think," quod he, drawing his Hand across his Eyes, "that you will go to Heaven "... if there be such a Place."
- "I think fo too, and feel fure of it," faid I.
  - "What makes you feel fure?" quod he.
- "Well," quod I, "I feem to have a fort of Witness in myself."
- "I wish I had," quod he, fighing deeply: and returned to his Reading.
- "What have you come to, now?" quod I prefently, feeing him ftop.
- "Of fuch is the Kingdom of Heaven," quod Tomkins.
  - "Such what?"

"Little

"Ah, if you feel that, I don't despair of

"you,"

## of Edward Osborne.

1547.

- "you," quod I. "There's Hope for those
- "that feel like forgiven Sinners, or unforgiven
- "Sinners: the only hopeless ones are those
- "that don't feel Sinners at all. And now,
- "Tomkins, just give me Something to drink."

He did so, holding up my Head on his Arm. "Is there Anything else," quod he, "I can do for thee?"

- "Why, yes," quod I, wiftfully, "and then "I think I could go to fleep."
- "What is it?" fayth he very kindly. "I'll "do it for thee."
- —"Tomkins, is it St. Bartholomew's Eve "yet? my Head is confused."
- "Bartholomew's Eve, Lad? Why, that's "paffed!"
  - "Oh me!....how long?"
  - "Oh, not many Days—"
  - "Days!" And I felt so loft.
  - —"Then, the Swifts are gone!" faid I.
- "Well, don't let's think about the Swifts," quod he gently. "Tempus fugit, as the Dial"plate fays. What is it thou wilt have me "to do?"

" Tomkins!"

- "Tomkins!" and I reached his Ear down to me as he leant over me, "I've been fo "weak and fo queer ever fince I fell into the "Water, that I don't believe, at least I can't "remember having once faid my Prayers...." will you fay one for me?"
- "I can't, Boy," and a hot Tear fell on my Face.
- "Oh, yes, you can!... and then I should "fleep quietly—Ever so short an one!—"
- "I can't remember one," faid he, turning away his Head.
- "Not one! Oh, Tomkins, indeed, indeed "you must! For my Sake—Just this short "one.... God be merciful to me, a Sin"'ner!"
- "God be merciful to me, a Sinner!" repeated he, burfting forth into Weeping; and I drew his Face down yet closer unto mine.
- "Thank you, Tomkins," quod I; "now I "fhall fleep foundly." And I flept.

### V.

# Edward convalesceth i' the Green Lattice.

When mine Eyes opened next Morning, my loved Mother's dear, pale Face was hanging over me. "Child," quod she, "Missfortunes "never come alone. When Master Hewet's "Post came to Ashford with News of thy "Sickness, I was far from Home, in Westmore-"land, at the Death-bed of thine Uncle "Lancelyn; and I wist not till Yesterday, "what News was a-waiting my Return."... And she hung over me, and bathed my Face in her Tears. "But I am proud of thee, "my Ned," quod she, "and so would thy "Father have been. And thou hast taken "off from thee the Reproach of being taught "of

August, 1547.

"of a Woman, as well as born of a Woman
"... my dear, dear Son!"

Oh! what a Heaven it was to get well! There was my loved Mother befide me at her Sewing, telling me of Ashford and the green Lanes of Kent, and of the wild Hills of Westmoreland, till I feemed to be there myfelf. There was Mistress Fraunces cockering me up, first with Sweets and cooling Drinks, and then with favoury and ftrengthening Things even to Mortreuse and Léche-Lombard! And when I was able to fit up at the green Lattice, Miftress Anne and I would look down on the Barges and Boats, and play at divers Games and tell divers Stories. The Lodger that had beforetime occupied this Chamber, had left a Heap of old Books and written Papers, which, having nothing private in them, my Master said I was free to look over. There was Part of a Chronicle of English History, whether the Writer's own Compofure or a Traduction, I wot not; but brave and pleasant Reading, about the Courts of England, France, Spain, and Flanders, in the Time

Time of our Edward the Third, and Queen Philippa. Another Work was a Romaunt of Love and Chivalry: also an Account of London Bridge, and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and a Treatyse on Fysshynge. Likewise, there was a great Roll of Drawings, done, I afterwards found, by another Lodger, in black and red Chalk, much fouled, smeared, and chased, but diverting to look at, being Representations of Men, Women, Children, Skeletons, Death's Heads, Bones, Angels, Fiends, Hippogriffs,—and divers other Presentments; with H. H. writ at the End.

Thus pleafantly passed the Time till the Doctor said I had only now to pick up my Strength; and my Mother then thought it Time for her to return to my little Brothers. The Evening before she left, she sayth unto me, somewhat apologetically, "Ned, thine "Uncle Edward having died childless, and "left all to thine unmarried Uncle, Lancelyn," who hath now left me his Heir, I am now "well to do, with an hundred Pound by "the Year, real Estate, and personal Estate,

"five hundred Pounds, which I have taken "kind Mafter Hewet's Advice concerning "the Difpofal of. And he, being kindly "affectioned unto thee just now, (as well he "may be,) is pleased to say thou art sure to "make thine own Way in the World, and "to advise my devising all my personal Estate "unto thy younger Brothers, thou being "secure of the other at my Death."

Nuoterà senzanu otatójo.

Quod I, "Dear Mother, mayst thou live "as long as I shall! There is Nothing thou "canst do so much to my Mind as to care "for Thomas and Julian, the one of whom "is weakly and unsit for active Life, and "the other, I think, will love Farming. "Master Hewet, I am certified, hath spoken "wisely." And, in sooth, I was glad to note what a good Understanding seemed to exist on so short Acquaintance between him and my dear Mother.

So, when she was gone, I had Nothing to do but to get well. Marry! what a hard Matter, though, it was!—At first I was glad to think I might go forth abroad, and resume

my

my old Goffips with Tomkins. But the very first Time I essayed to clamber up to his Attick, though 'twas only two fhort Flights, I found myself so weak that I was fain to fit down on the Stair and shed Tears, whether I would or no. And there, to my very great Shame, I was found of my Mafter. He befpake me kindly, and helped me up, and faid this Weakness would soon go off: howbeit, it did not.—I always think that Chirurgeon bled me too freely: I noted his faying, "We'll knock him down first, and "then build him up again!" which carryeth a Sound of Smartness, but not always anfwereth with the Event. Thus, 'twas now found I must still go softly; and the Weather being fultry, Mafter Hewet bade me keep as much as I could i' the open Air and Shade, and creep out, as my Strength permitted, to the Fields, with Mistress Anne to my Mate. So we went forth Hand in Hand, for I was past carrying her; and prefently I fay, "Oh me, Mistress! ... I must "fit down." And fayth fhe, "There's a Door-

"Door-step i' the Shade a little farther on, "with a nice old Woman on it, felling Mul-"berries." So we creep on, and the little Maid buyeth me Mulberries, and I eat and reft, and am refreshed. Then quod I, "Let's "go back now, Miftress;" but fayth she, "Oh, let's try to go on to Trolop's Milk-"farm." So I love not to cross the little Fondling, and as foon as we reach the green Meadows, the fresh, sweet Air seems to take away that queer, light, fluttering Feel in my Head, and to refresh and brace me; and I lie on the Grass i' the Shade, and she runs hither and thither and gathers Borage, and Blue Bugloss, and Bushy Red-mint, and bringeth them to me, faying, "What's this?" and "What's this?" And fo we go on Day by Day.

Now as touching Miles Hackathrift. When I first lay sick, I have said he was mighty softened, and went gently, and seemed amain concerned for me. Howbeit, Boy's Grief not long lasteth, and he soon fell tired of seeling or feigning any; more by Token,

he

he perceived his was outrun by that of Everyone in the House. Whereupon he turned about, and grew indifferent, then jealous, then furly, then envious, doubtless by small Degrees; but of this, I, being apart from him, was not cognizant; and the Change made itself apparent to me all at once. First, when Master Hewet was out, he took Advantage of it to come trampling up Stairs with all the Clamour he could, finging, "Row the Boat, "Norman!" in a defiant fort of Way; and when Mistress Fraunces put her Head forth of the Lattice Chamber, and fayth, "Make "not fuch a Turmoil, Miles," he pretended to stumble on Tomkins's Stair, and let a heavy Weight roll all the Way down it. When he clattered down after it, Mistress Fraunces, watching her Opportunity, gave him a Rap on the Head, which I know that white Hand of hers could not have dealt very heavily; natheless, he took Occasion by it to cry out sharply, and then give one or two dismal Grones, which he was too spirited to have done had he in verity been malentreated. However,

However, finding he might not fing nor flam Doors while I lay under the Leech's Care, he turned fulky, and held close, so as that fcarce yea or nay was to be had out of him. When at length I returned to our Loft, he took Care to do me to wit how pleasant it had been to him to have it all to himself; and immediately took Advantage of my coming back, to overfleep himfelf of a Morning. Also he instantly intermitted all the little Share of my Work that had been put upon him while I was ill. Seeing me turn white from Time to Time, he faid I was shamming for the Sake of Soups and Cordials; and when I went forth with Mistress Anne, he called me a special good Nursery-maid. All this I cared for very little, knowing that when I got flout, I could foon put him down; but meantime, 'twas not over-pleafant to be scoffed at as a languid Lad, who, if trodden on, could not turn again. One Day, when some Trifle had made me ftart and change Colour,—I think it was feeing Miftress Anne go nigh the open Window,

dow,—he had half pronounced, "You Cow"ard!" when, fuddenly changing his Mind,
he fayth, "Doft know what new Name I
"have found for thee, and taught the Lads
"along the Bridge? 'The Knight of the
"'flying Leap!'" Which was humourous,
but not well natured. Howbeit, I heard it
often enough for awhile, but as a Title of
Diftinction inftead of Derifion; which incenfed the Author of it.

But all these little Clouds blew over during the three Weeks I spent with my Mother at Ashford. When I came back, I was the same Lad as ever, and took Things as I sound them, and fell into my old Place.

In the October of this Year, Sir John Gresham, Mercer, being chosen Mayor, his Company resolved to get up their famous Pageant of the Maiden Chariot; and having vainly cast about among their own Fraternity for a young Damsel sufficiently comely to be the Admiration of all the City, and likewise able and willing to play the part of Chariot Maiden, they at length offered it to the youngest

October

A Lord Mayor's Shew i' the olden Time.

The Barbi tonsor's Daughter set on high.

youngest Daughter of Master Soper, the Barbitonfor, who lived on the Bridge. Now Mafter Soper had two Daughters, good and pretty Girls enow as Times went, Tryphena and Tryphofa by Name, fresh-coloured, fprightly, and much admired by the Bridge 'Prentices. These two Sisters were seldom apart, inafmuch as both their Heads might commonly be feen out of one upper Lattice, looking after every Thing that paffed in the Strete; and 'twas in their Favour that they always feemed on the best of Terms with one another. But whether by Reason of any Unguent of Master Soper's, or mere Liberality of Nature, I wot not, the younger, who in no other Wife excelled her Sifter, was notorious for the excessive Length and Thickness of her glossy flaxen Hair. And this being an indispensable Requisite for the Chariot Maiden, the Mercers, without more Ado, offered her the Part, which she with great Glee accepted. Now hereupon, I lament to fay, enfewed great Difruption between the twain hitherto fo harmonious; for Public Admiration

Admiration of Beauty is as true a Test of what is the Nature of a Woman's Heart, as the black Marble the Goldsmiths call Touchftone is of their precious Metals. If her Head be not turned by it, good: if she can bear it bestowed upon another and o'erlooked in herfelf, why, good alfo,—fhe can fland the Touchstone: howbeit, all have not this Virtue. And, whereas Tryphofa was now fo elate with thinking of her white fatin Gown, her golden Sandals, her jewelled Crown, and her Feaft in the Hall, as to suppose the Ground scarce good enow for her to tread upon, Tryphena was ready to burst with Envy of her Sifter, and could fcarce fpeak peaceably unto her. However, she came to her common Sense and good Feeling at last, and found her Account in playing Second; many good Things being in Store for both. A notable Thing was, that Mafter Soper's Shop was now literally befieged with Customers who wanted to have a Glimpse of the Chariot Maiden, infomuch that he faid he never had fuch a Trafficking for Pennyworths in any given Year,

Which jalouseth her Sister. 1547·

Year, as he had in this Month of October; only the worst was, that every Customer gave as much Trouble for a Penny as he should have done for a Shilling, and would hang about, keeping away fresh Comers, when his Purchase was made. While Tryphosa, who had never to this Time flewn any Symptoms of Shyness, now turned coy and kept herself close; now and then letting Tryphena flit through the Shop, and be mistaken for her, after which the two would flut themselves up and go into Fits of Laughter. The Women all along the Bridge were out of Patience with her, for what they would have it was fimulated Bashfulness, in one who meant to be stared at from Morn to Night on Lord Mayor's Day. And they fatisfied themselves that she was shutting herself up for Fear of freckling or funburning. As for Miles, who always loved to do like the rest, he was evermore running over to Master Soper to have his Hair cut, till at last it was hardly longer than the Nap of his Gown; and I almost think he would have submitted one of his good

good white Teeth to the Barber's Pincers, if he could have gained Admittance on no cheaper Terms; just to boast of it afterwards. At last, when the grand Day came, he and every 'Prentice on the Bridge mobbed the Barbitonfor's Door till Tryphofa was fetched away in a close Litter. Then there was a Rush to the Mercers' Hall, where Master Gresham, in his Scarlet and Gold, met his Livery in their new Gowns furred with Foins and Budge; and accompanied them, mounted, to Guildhall, where the late Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, met them on Horseback. Then they all took Barge to Westminster and back, to the Sound of Trumpets, Sackbuts, and Shawlms, and the firing of fmall Guns, and exploding of Crackers. On re-landing at Three Cranes' Wharf, they remounted, and proceeded to Paul's Churchyard, where they met the Pageant, confifting of an exceeding magnifical Chariot, twenty-two Feet high, of the Roman Build, entirely covered with filver emboffed Work, having Tryphofa therein, fet on high, in Jewels and spangled Satin;

Satin; her fair flaxen Treffes dishevelled, a Sceptre in one Hand, a Shield in the other, with all the Glory and Majesty possible to imagine:—Fame, blowing of a Trumpet right over her Head, Wisdom, Modesty, and all the rest, including the nine Muses, each in their proper Places; Triumph, driving nine white Flanders Horses, three abreast; Grooms, Lictors, and Pages marching alongside the Equipage; and a Score of Salvages and Jacks-i'-the-Green, making diverting Remarks to all; and keeping the Crowd off with Squibs and Crackers.

Oh! was ever Woman exalted one Day fo high (even to the first-floor Windows), to come down so low into the Retiredness of domestic Life the next! What was Cleopatra failing down the Cydnus to this? Did Zenobia, did Semiramis, ever have anything so fine in the Way of Triumph? Pish!—Moreover, there was a separate Table prepared for Tryphosa, who dined in State with her chosen Ladies, attended by Seneschals, Squires, and Pages, as if she had been a Queen.

Queen. And had Swans' Pudding and Leche-Lombard, I promife ye!

1547.

-But oh! poor Humanity!-'Twas noted at the Feaft,—more in special by some of the chosen Ladies that thought themselves set lower than they might have been,—that poor Tryphofa's Face was fo tanned by Exposure all Day to Sun and Wind, as that my Lord Mayor's Gown was scarce more scarlet; and by the Space of a Fortnight or fo from that Hour, 'twas fo bliftered and fcorched that fhe hated to be feen, and was obliged to blanch and mollify it with Buttermilk, Cream of Almonds, and I wot not what Female Recipes. Which was the more provoking, as fome of the inferior Officers of the Company called, the Day after the Feaft, to know how fhe fared, and fhe was confrained to their Entertainment to Tryphena. Miles, who had a Glimpse of her through an upper Casement, was so offended at her Aspect, that he spent no more Pence at Master Soper's. And by the Fortnight's End, the Matter had ceased to be talked about.

Beauty skin deep.

about, and the two Girls might be feen fewing together, and keeping an Eye to the Bridge, as contentedly and harmoniously as ever.

During my Vifit to my Mother, a new Inmate had been brought into the Family; to wit, a fuperior Kind of Maid for Miftress Anne, named Damaris, who had lived aforetime in the Household of Master Hewet's Brother in the Country. She was a Miracle of Composedness and discreet Demeanour, which gave her the Air of being somewhat older than she really was. Mistress Anne now spent the Chief of the Day with her in the Green Lattice, where Damaris kept herself much reserved, sewing sine Linen, and teaching her little Charge to read.

One Day, when I was moving fome Laths and Cases that had stood against the Wall in *Tomkins's* Attick till they were begrimed with Dust, I was in Amaze to behold delineated on the White-wash with black Chalk, an exact Portraicture of *Tomkins*, stooping over his Work, with every Line and Furrow

of his intent, earnest Visage accurately made out.

1547.

"What's this?" quod I.

Tomkins brake forth into Laughing. "I

"wist what you would come to," quod he,

"when you fet about moving those Laths.

"That's Mafter Hans Holbein's Handy-work.

"He must needs befoul the Wall with his

"Scrawling, just after it had been fresh Lime-

"washed. I told him 'twas a Pity it had not

"been fcrawled first, and limewashed after-

"wards. So, then, in his Despite, he scored

"it through with that Cross; and then I set

"the Lumber against it, and told him No-

"body should see it again."

"Who is Hans Holbein?" quod I.

"A prime Flemish Painter," returned Tomkins; "he tables at the Goldsmith's, nearer

"the north End of the Bridge. When Mafter

"Hewet first married, he had Hans Holbein

"for a Lodger; and the Green Lattice was

"filled from End to End with his Pictures

"—there's a Bundle of his Scratchings down

"there now. Howbeit he was too boifterous

Another Cross

Hans
Holbein
lodgeth
on London
Bridge.

"an Inmate to pleafe Mistress Alice, so Master

1547.

But proveth a troublesome Customer. "Hewet was glad to get quit of him. There's a famous Thing of his at Surgeons' Hall; old King Harry granting the Charter to the Company. Howbeit, though he painted half the Court, he did nothing better, to my Mind, than his Likeness of Mistress Alice, that now hangs at the Foot of her Husband's Bed. When the Door standeth ajar, thou mayst see it without going in."

So, the next Time I passed, I looked in, and saw the Presentment of my Master's late Wife. Of a Truth, she must have been a fair Creature: with Eyes as blue and truthful as Mistress Anne's, and sunny Hair that would have fallen over her fair Shoulders in as heavy Curls, but for her Matron's Frow's-paste. Also the same full, cherry Lips, and dimpled Chin; the same small Nose, small Ear, small Hand; in sine, the Foreshadow of what Mistress Anne in After-time became, rather than what she was yet. . . . Pity, so fair a Lady should die so young!

And she made a good End, Tomkins told

me

1547

me—knew 'twas at Hand, took composed Leave of all, and desired she might be buried in the Church of St. Martin Orgar; and that 30s. and no more should be spent to bury her decently, and 10s. more for Cakes, Wine, and Spices for the Mourners. Also 20s. out of her own private Purse to be put in the Common-box of the Fraternity for an Alms; Five Shillings to the mortuary Priest, and Five Shillings to the Poor in Bread. Six of the Company bare her to Church, each of whom received a silver Spoon.

Somewhere about this Time, the Cloth-workers' new Overseer came to examine the Premises; and, when he had concluded his Inspection below-stairs, told my Master, with some Hesitation, he had Reason to think there was a Journeyman hid away above who worked in the House. Master Hewet smiled, and told him of the Exception made in Favour of Tomkins, and accompanied him upstairs, to let him witness for himself that his Statement was true. When we went in,

Tomkins, for once, was off Duty, intent upon a Book, and so buried in it, that he started and blushed like a Boy caught conning Tom Thumb in School-time. When the Overseer was gone, Tomkins sayth to me with a little Dryness, "Who would have thought of your "taking me by Surprise?"

I made Answer, "Who would have thought "of your being surprised?" at which he laughed.

Tell me your Book-companions, and I'll tell you what you are.

"So," quod he, after weaving a little While in Silence, "they've fet up *Erafmus's* Para"phrafe, now, alongfide of the chained Bible "in St. *Magnus's*."

"They have it in all the Churches," quod I; "but how came you to know it?"

He was filent awhile, and fmiled a little. "Well," quod he, "thou knowest I have "crawled out a little lately, before Breakfast; "and I thought it as well to turn into the "Church for a Rest; and found that a "Spell of Reading helped to pass the Time."... I go there o' Sundays, now: have

"done so ever fince that Night."

"Then,"

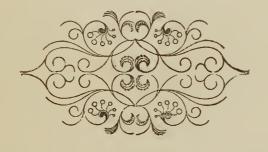
## of Edward Osborne.

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"Then," quod I foftly, as I leaned over him, "God hath been merciful to you a "Sinner."

I 547.

And spake never a Word moe.



VI.

Tib's Malpractyzes.

Tib ye Cook setteth yeHouse a-fire; As about this Time, it being flark Winter, Tib Pyebaker went near to burn the House down, after the Manner following. She took some red-hot Coals between two Saucepanlids to warm her Bed therewith; and, whenas she deemed it heated enow, she would needs not be at the Pains of carrying the Coals down again, but hid them under the Stairs in a Broom-cupboard. And by Reason of the undermost Lid-handle making the Lid to lose its Balance, it fell Topside-t'otherway, and the lighted Coals were spilled, whereof I passing the Cupboard, was made ware by the strong Smell of burning. And, looking therein, and moving

moving fundry Rags that were already Tinder, I found the Boards beneath them just ready to burst into a Flame. Whereupon, without running for Water, I cast my Gown thereon, and crushed it out with my Hands. Now, could I have hidden my Burns, I might have faved Tib's Credit; whereas the Thing could not be hid, feeing I could not fo much as cut my Meat; and Mistress Fraunces bruiting it abroad, it came to the Ears of the Bridge Wardens, who, because of the imperilling of the whole Bridge, would not be hindered of setting Tib in the Cage, as a Warning to other careless Servants. I was grievous for her, the Place was fo publique; and a Lot of 'Prentice Boys were staring at her all Day, and offering her Eatables and then plucking them away. Also Miles made no end of Pretences for going of Errands past that End of the Bridge, and always feigned to look away from Tib, yet took Care to fpy her in her Trouble, out of the Corner of his Eye, all the Time.

I never knew one Woman treat another with

more filent Contempt than Damaris expressed for Tib, after this Affair of the Cage. It was a long Time afore the 'Prentices, (who now called me Fire-and-Water,) left off asking of Tib where the now kept her Warming-pan, and whether she cast her hot Ashes out on the Boats that shot the Bridge. For this, fhe would fometimes catch them by the Ears and pull them well; but then they would cry "Clubs!" and a Score of Lads were over their Counters in a Minute, and she had to run for it, and dart breathless into the House, whither they dared not follow her. Howbeit, when the pleafant Month of May came, and the Damsels danced before their Masters' Doors to the Timbrels, Tib, who well loved to pound away with the Rest, was so cross that the would not come forth.

May.

And refuseth to dance to the Timbrels.

Some Primroses blow late.

The Weaver finds a Mate.

During the last few Months, *Tomkins* had been much eased of his Lameness; and the worn Look of Suffering had altogether departed, leaving him a much younger looking Man than before this Relier. One Day, to my great Surprise, he told me he was going

to be married. I asked him, to whom; and he said, to an old Acquaintance of his he had long lost Sight of, but had sallen in with in St. Magnus' Church . . . . one who would gladly have had him when they were many Years younger, but who was kind enough to care for him, and wish to make him happy now. He added, reflectively, when he had told me this, "There are a great many good "Women in the World."

So he removed his Loom to a tidy Lodging in Shoreditch, which Master Hewet furnished for him; and Mistress Fraunces gave him his Wedding Dinner, and Miles and I helped to eat it. The Wife, though middleaged, had a pleasant Aspect; and I thought Tomkins had done a very good Thing for himself; but his Attick looked very dreary without him.

The Marching Watch was revived with great Splendour this Year by the Lord Mayor, Sir John Gresham, both on St. John's Eve, and the Eve of St. Peter: and the Array was augmented by three Hundred Demilances

lances and light Horse, prepared by the City to be sent into Scotland for the Rescue of the Town of Haddington. Five Hundred of the Cressets were surnished by the great Companies, the other two Hundred by the Chamber of London, and every Cresset had two Men, one to hold, and one to trim it: and every Cresset-bearer had Wages, his Breakfast, a Badge, and a Straw Hat. And, what with Halberdiers, Billmen, etc., there mustered about two Thousand. There were also many City Feasts, some of which Master Hewet and Mistress Fraunces attended, very richly dressed.

It was fome little Time after this, that I, copying a Letter at my Master's Behest, could not hinder myself of hearing the following Address made to him by Mistress Fraunces.

"William, I have been laying up thy black Velvet Suit with Care, this Morning, thinking thou wouldest have no more present Occasion for it.—How well thou becamest it, I thought! And so thought

"Miftress Beatrix. She said she had never

"feen a Man look fo well fince thou wareft

"thy white Sarcenet Coat in the great

"Muster for King Harry."

"Sarcenet Speeches, Sifter," fayth Mafter Hewet.

"Nay, I know not what you mean by "Sarcenet Speeches," returns she, "I am

"fure they were fincere enough; and truly

"I think, Brother, if you pushed your For-

"tune a little in that Quarter, you might

"have Succefs."

Finding he uttered no Word, she, after a little waiting, sayth, "Dear Alice hath now "been long in her Grave, and would, I am "certified, wish you to be happy."

—"And what is to make me fo?" asks he, huskily.

"Nay, Brother, a good Wife."

"I've had one," quod he, "and one is "enough to my Share.—Are you tired of

"keeping House for me? What would you

"do, now, if I fet a Lady above you at my

"Table?"

"Oh,"

"Oh," quod she, cheerfully, "I would "gladly take the second Place. Or, if she "preferred my Room to my Company, I "would take Pattern by the old Lady at the "Bridge-end that lives all alone by herself "with her Cats."

"No, dear Fraunces," fayth he,—and I have Ground for thinking he kiffed her,—"you shall need neither Alternative; Alice "shall have no Successor in mine House, "since she can never have one in my Heart "... And, as to happy,—why, except for "that one great Loss, am I not happy as "Man can be? Believe me, I am content "with the Present, and trustful for the Future. "I hope to see"....

But what he hoped to fee, I heard not.

About this Time, *Miles* had formed close Acquaintance with some Lads on the Bridge, who gave their Masters more Trouble than enough. I suppose he thought it spirited of them, and worthy of all Imitation. One Night, I awoke out of my first Sleep, and lay listening to the Uproar of the Winds

'The Lads of the Parish are the Thorns in the Minister's side.'

and

and Waters, which feemed quite to drown Miles' Snoring, when the Door fuddenly opened, and my Mafter, with a Lamp in his Hand, fayth, "Ned, are you in Bed?" I fay, "Yes, Mafter." "Then," quod he, "where is Miles?" I faid, "In Bed too, "Mafter." But he turned his Light on Miles' Bed, and it was empty. Then quod he, "The Bridge Watchman hath just called "under my Window to fay one of my 'Pren-"tices was abroad, but he wist not which, "for in chasing him, he stumbled over an "Heap of Rubbish before a House under "Repair, and lost him in the Dark."

Then he left me, and I lay wondering how Miles could have got out, fince Mistress Fraunces kept the House-key, and what Account he would give of himself when he came back. Master Hewet, I afterwards learnt, found the Key in the Door, outside, and took it in, and locked the Door. And so, sate in Wait a good While, till at length some one tries the Door from without, then gropes about the Ground for the Key, then loudly

loudly whifpers through the Keyhole, "Tib!"

Thereupon the Docr is opened, but not by Tib; and my Master, collaring Miles, strikes him, but not fo feverely as for him to do what he did, which was to fall all along on the Ground, and emit one or two hollow Grones. Master Hewet, witting him to be scarce hurt, waxed very angry, and pulling him up, would know how he got out, but Miles would not tell. Then he would know why he called on Tib through the Key-hole, as though expecting her to be at Hand; and he made Answer, Because her Name came readiest, and he was less afeard of her than of any else, but she wist not of his being out. My Master said, That should be seen to; and how did he get the Key? He faid Miftress Fraunces had forgotten to take it up. But Miftress Fraunces, when called up, remembered well to have laid it on her Toilette ere she went to Bed, and was avised Tib must have fetched it while she was asleep. But, on going to Tib, Mistress Fraunces found her fleeping fo heavily, that, after much fhaking,

fhaking, all fhe could get out of her was, "Thieves! Thieves!" So the Matter flood over; Mafter Hewet putting it to Miles whether he wift not that he might have him up before the Wardens, and fee him hardly dealt with. So Miles came back to his Bed, fullen enough.

But a Woman's own Tongue is oft her worst Enemy. The next Morning, though Nothing could be got out of Miles nor of Tib, yet Mistress Fraunces, being in her own Bed-chamber, instead of at Market, as Tib fupposed, hears Tib, who was concluded to be making my Master's Bed, a talking from his Window to the Maid in the corresponding Window across the Strete. And although, by Reason of the two Tenements being so very few Feet apart in their upper Stories, there was hardly need for Tib to speak above her Breath, yet Miftress Fraunces, quickened by Curiofity, could hear almost every Word: and how that Tib had come into her Chamber when she was asleep, and took the Key and lent it to Miles, who had promifed her a tawdry

tawdry Ribbon for it: and how the Watchman faw him go forth, and aroufed my Mafter, who fet on him when he returned, and beat him within an Inch of his Life. And how Mistress Fraunces—But here Mistress Fraunces fpoiled all, in her Anxiety to hear the Particulars of her own Character; for, advancing a little too near the Casement, that she might not lofe a Syllable, fhe was caught Sight of by the Neighbour's Maid, who, without Doubt, made a Signal to Tib: whereupon Tib, after a Moment's Pause, added, and how that if Miftress Fraunces were not the sweetest and mercifullest of Ladies, there would be no Chance of her forgiving fuch a Mifdeed when fhe came to hear it, as Tib meant fhe should the very first Time she could find Heart to confess it to the sweetest and best of Ladies.

Oh what Potence hath a flattering Tongue! Here was Mistress Fraunces ready to fly out upon Tib, and give her Warning on the Spot, and, in a Minute, in a Breath, her Wrath was allayed and brought within Compass by the Commendation of an artful Woman. She goeth

goeth to the Stair-foot and calleth, "Tib! "Tib! come down with thee this Inftant!" but by the Time Tib appeared, with her Apron at her Eyes, fhe had loft all Mind to caft her, characterless, forth of the House, and it sufficed her to bestow a severe Chiding. Whereat Tib wept, and took Shame to herself, and made her Peace; and so was kept on. Which I ever thought an ill-advised Thing. Where there's no Fidelity, there's no Safety.

1548.

Non Fidelitas, non Incolumitas.



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## The Colloquies

## VII.

Early Setting of a young Morning Star.

Osborne likeneth himself unto ye Patriarch Jacob.

'Nadie la miraba que no benedicia a Dios que tan hermosa la habia criado.' "And Jacob ferved Laban for Rachel feven "Years; and they feemed unto him but fo "many Days, for the Love he had unto her." Albeit I was not ferving my Mafter for my Mafter's Daughter, yet her being in the House helped, I wot, to make the seven Years speed like seven Days. Sure, never was so gracious a Creature! Her Nature was so excellent, and her Countenance, which was the Index of her Mind, was so full of Sweetness and Goodness, that one could scarce look upon her without blessing Him who had created her so lovely.

Meantime my Master's Fortune and Credit from

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from fmall Beginnings had rifen mightily, as is often the Cafe in this commercial and profperous City. He had gone through the three Degrees of Wardenship of his Company, had been elected of the Common Council, and was now Alderman of the Bridge Ward Without. And if he still lived and went plain, he laid by and laid out in Commerce the more: there was no Shew, nor no Stinting.

The Sword many, the Table

Yes: those were happy Days! All the fairer they feem now, for the dark ones that were coming. The only Sorrow among us that I remember was when the Peftilence brake out, in the fifth Year of our young King, which at first only prevailed in the North, but at length reached London, where it raged with prodigious Fury, carrying off eight Hundred Souls the first Week, and mostly after a Sickness of only twelve or twenty-four Hours. We had it not on the Bridge, which was attributed to the free Access of fresh Air to our Dwellings; howbeit, Miftress Anne (like a ministering Angel as fhe was,—fuch a Child, too! only in her twelfth

twelfth Year!) must needs go about, relieving poor Wretches in their Dwellings; whereby fhe caught a low Fever that brought her to Death's Door, and filled the House with Tears. If my Master, a Man in Years, forbare not to weep, Reason was, a Lad such as I should weep too. Howbeit, through the Grace of God, she recovered: but for a long Time fhe was too enfeebled to walk, wherefore Master Hewet took her much on the Water during the long Summer Evenings, after we had been nigh stifled by the Day's fultry Heat. For the eastern Side of the House was close; and the western, though open, yet was much exposed to the Glare of the Sun on the River. We shut it out with Blinds and Lattices all we could; but still, the Crown of the Day was after Sundown on the Water. Mafter Hewet liked his 'Prentices to pull; and fometimes we fell into the Wake of some Court Barge with Horns and Sackbuts, and lay on our Oars; Miftress Anne full filent, resting her Head, for Weakness, against my Master's Shoulder, and with the Tears fometimes

I 552.

fometimes stealing down from her large, bright Eyes. My Master carried her down to the Boat, but 'twas my Portion, for I will not say Burthen, to carry her up. How light she was! She did not much like it, and managed presently to ascend slowly, with the Help of my Master's Arm; but I remember the Goodness and Sweetness with which, with a sweet Blush on her Face, she sayth, "Do you re-"member the first Time? But for thee, I "had not been here now."

As fhe ftrengthened, we kept out longer, and went up to *Chelfea* and *Fulham*, and rambled about the pleafant Fields; eating Curds and Cream at Milk-houses, and returning by Moonlight; *Miles* and I singing "Row the Boat, *Norman*."

Then Master Hewet carried her down into the Country, to the Hall of his Brother the Squire; and there she abode till she was quite well. When she returned, the Leaves were falling, and Master Hewet would walk with her of an Evening to Finsbury Fields, and stand with her at a Distance to see us young

Men

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Men shoot the long Bow, leap, wrestle, cast the Stone, and practife our Shields; in all which. Miles came in for his full Share of Praise; and I was always well content to be thought equal to him. Sometimes I overshot him, fometimes he overshot me; fometimes I outleaped him, fometimes he outleaped me: but we loved the Game beyond the Competition; there was never any ill Blood between us.

Nov. I.

Watch and Pray Whiles ye may. Dark Night followeth This bright Day.

'Twas on All Saints' Day, this Year, that the new Service Book, called of Common Prayer, was first used in Paul's Church, and the like throughout the whole City. Ridley, Bishop of London, performed the same in Paul's, in his Rochet only; and in the Afternoon preached at Paul's Cross before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery Companies; which Sermon, being on the Subject of the new Service, lasted till sive o' the Clock, fo that, the Days being short, we returned by Torch-light.

Then had the Church great Reft. Enemy, knowing his Time was at Hand, lay

mighty

mighty quiet: and, for the Multitude of notable Foreigners that reforted to us for Safeguard, England might have been called Christi Afylum. Howbeit, the Canker was already i' the Bud!

The King, earlier in the Year, had ta'en the Measles; and during the Summer, had ridden a Progress with greater Magnificence than ever he had done before. In the January following, whether procured by finister Practice or natural Infirmity, he fell into an Indisposition of Body which soon grew to a Cough of the Lungs. Perhaps it had been happy if Lord Robert Dudley (now my Lord of Leicester) had not recently been fworn one of the fix Gentlemen of the King's Chamber .... we must not speak ill, Hew, of them that are fet high in Authority, fave upon great Conviction and Certitude: howbeit, you and I know what the private Report of that Gentleman is—When I'm fick, don't give me a Leicester Cordial, that's all!

The common Talk was, that a poisoned Nosegay had been given the pretty Boy at New-year's-tide,

New-year's-tide, which brought him into this flow but deadly Languishment. To think what Poison may lie 'neath Flowers! all Events, the Duke of Northumberland, now the powerfullest Man in the Realm fince he had fwallowed up his unhappy Rival Somerfet, beginneth to aim at nothing thort of Crown matrimonial for his young Son, Lord Guilford Dudley, lately espoused to the Lady Jane Grey; therefore inculcateth on the kingly Boy, now a-dying, how much it concerned him to have a Care for Religion, not only during Life, but after his Death; which could not be preferved in its Purity to the Realm, should the Lady Mary fucceed; and, if he fet afide one Sifter, he might as well put away the other also, and devise his Crown to her who after them was his next Kinfwoman, the good and godly Lady Jane.

So foon as this was obtained of him, he might die as foon as he would—the fooner the better—and, to help Matters, the Leeches were difmiffed, and a Gentlewoman (thought

to have received her Instructions beforehand), fet over him; under whose Applications his Pulse prefently failed, his Skin changed Colour, and other Symptoms speedily appeared of mortal Diffolution. Turning his Face then to the Wall like good Hezekiah, he was heard by one that fate behind the Curtain to fay, "O Lord God, deliver me out of "this miserable and wretched Life! O LORD, "thou knowest how happy it were for me "to be with thee; yet, for thy Chosen's "Sake, if it be thy Will, fend me Life and "Health, that I may truly ferve thee!" After a little Space, again he figheth, "Oh, "fave thy People England!" Then, turning about, and noting fome one behind the Curtain, "I had thought," fayth he, "I was "alone." "Sir," fayth the Attendant, "I "heard you fpeak, but heard not what you "were faying." "Nay," fayth he, "I was but "praying to God. Oh! I am faint!—faint "unto Death! Lord, receive my Spirit!" And forthwith breathed out his white, innocent Soul. Early ripe, early gathered!

Thus

1553. July vi.

Thus we fometimes fee the Nation's prime Hope, the Defire of all Eyes, cut off as a fweet Rofe fnaps its Stalk; and we mourn, thinking the LORD hath forgotten to be gracious, and will no more be entreated, and his Mercy is clean gone from us for ever: not knowing that, after he hath tried and purified his own, yea, like Silver over the Fire, till the thick Scum feparates, and he feeth his own Image reflected in the bright Metal, he will return unto us and be gracious, like as a Father pitieth his Children, and make our latter Day better than our Beginning. Had we not known the early Setting of this young Hesperus, we had not now funned ourselves in the Light of our bright Occidental Star.

And now, the bright Boy being dead, the Duke of Northumberland took upon him to fit at the Stern, and order all Things according unto his Pleasure. The Demise of the Crown was kept close that Day and the next, he hoping to obtain Possession of the Lady Mary, who, however, learned the Secret,

and

and rode off to the Coast. Meantime, he took heed to occupy and fortify the Tower; and, on the second Day, sent for the Lord Mayor, six Aldermen, not including Master Hewet, six Merchants of the Staple, and as many Merchant Adventurers, to attend the Council at Greenwich, where they were advised of the King's Death, and how he had ordained for the Succession by Letters Patent, to the which they were sworn, and charged to keep the Matter secret.

When my Master presently heard of this from one of his brother Aldermen, (for such Secrets are not long kept,) he said, in his own Family, that however he might desire a Protestant Succession, he was persuaded that this would not, nor could not, come to Good. "To say nothing," quod he, "of "the Lady Jane's questionable Birth; for the "Duke, though few know it, had, when "he married her Mother, a Wife living al-"ready."

Howbeit, at Three o' the Clock on the Monday Afternoon, the Lady Jane was conveyed,

veyed, in Sight of us all, by Water, from Syon to the Tower, and there received as Queen. At Five o'Clock, the King's Death and her Accession were proclaimed; but few cried, "God save Queen Jane!" A Drawer at a Tavern within Ludgate, said in the Hearing of some, that he thought the Lady Mary had the better Title; whereon he was incontinent arrested and set in the Pillory in Chepe, whereto both his Ears were nailed, and then clean cut off.

Meantime the Duke of Northumberland heareth that the Lady Mary's Party makes head, whereon he resolves to send Lady Jane's Father, the Duke of Suffolk, to put it down, and seize her Person. Whereon the Lady Jane, who hath all along had no Mind to the Crown, weepeth fore, and begs her Father may be let off that Enterprize, and that her Father-in-law will take it on himself; which he, after short Demur, and much Flattery of his Bravery and Skill, consented to do. But his Heart misgiveth him, both as to what he goes to, and what he leaves behind; and, sayth

fayth he to the Council, "Should ye in "mine Absence waver in your Resolution, "it may be ye will contrive your own Safety "with my Destruction." Quod they, "Your "Grace makes a Doubt of that which cannot be, for which of us all can wash his Hands "clean of this Business?" So the Duke set forth with eight Thousand Foot, and two Thousand Horse; and, as he rode along Shoreditch, quod he to Lord Grey, "See "how the People press forward to see us! "but not one of them sayth, 'God speed "'you!"

In truth, Gentle and Simple fell off to the Lady Mary, though Bishop Ridley preached at Paul's, to invite us to stand firm to Lady Jane. The Duke's Party melted away; and the Duke of Suffolk, learning how his Daughter's Partizans had defalked to the Lady Mary, or been defeated or captivated, entereth the young Queen's Chamber, and telleth her, in brief, she must now put off her royal Robes, and be content with a private Life. To which the meek young Lady made

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'Uneasy lies the Head that wears a Crown.' made Answer, that she should put them off with more Contentation than she had put them on; and would never have done so, but to please him and her Mother. And so ended her ten Day's Reign.



901

1553.

### VIII.

## The Defence of the Bridge.

On the Third of August, the Lady Mary entered London as Mary the Queen; and truly she began to make short Work of it; for, the next Day, she restored Gardiner to his Bishopric of Winchester, and, a few Days later, made him Chancellor; and, on the Fifth, restored Bonner and Tunstall to their Sees. Ridley, Coverdale, Hooper, and the rest of our good reformed Bishops, of course, were removed; and all beneficed Men that were married, or would not abjure the resormed Faith, were put out of their Livings.

On the 13th, Miles and I went to hear what would be faid at Paul's Cross. There

was

1553. Aug. iii.

Woe unto ye Land when Princes choose ill Counsellors.

was one Bourne, a Canon, who preached fuch arrant Romanism and Flattery of Bonner, now Bishop of London, to his Face, that the People hooted and cried, "Pull him down!" and Miles, flinging his Cap with good Aim, hit him on the Nose. Another flung a Dagger, which just missed him, but caused him to quit his Post; and honest Master Bradford, stepping into it, spread forth his Hands with, "Good Christian People,"—whereon there was great Quiet; and by his savoury and peaceifying Doctrine he allayed the Tumult. The same Day, an old Priest said Mass at St. Bartholomew's, albeit the People went nigh to pull him in Pieces.

The following Sunday, one Dr. Watfon preached at Paul's Crofs, and the Churchyard was lined with Soldiers, for Fear of like Tumult that was on the Sunday before. During the Week, Northumberland had been arraigned and condemned; and on the Monday next following he was to be beheaded; howbeit he defired first to hear Mass and receive the Sacrament after the Romish Manner:

Manner: thereby looking, maybe, to obtain Pardon, but in footh only proving a Renegade, and lofing the Grace of a Confessor. The Lady Jane, looking forth of her Prison Window, saw him on his Way to Mass—a grievouse Thing to her pure Mind; whereof she spake next Day at Table, saying, "Wo "worth him! Should I that am young and "in my few Yeres, forsake my Faith for "the Love of Life? Much more he should "not, whose fatal Course could not long have "lasted."

On the 14th Sept. good Master Latimer was sent Prisoner to the Tower. Seeing a Warder there whose Face he remembered, he cried cheerily, "What, old Friend! how "do you? See, I am come to be your "Neighbour again!" The good Cranmer was committed thither the same Day. But these Things were done privately: a Boat, more or less privily, shooting the Bridge and gliding aneath the Traitor's Arch, was ta'en no Note of; while the Stretes and Highways were all astir with Preparations for the Queen's

Primate one Day, Prisoner ye next.

Queen's Crownation, which was fet for the Ist Octr. The Easterlings were providing her a mighty fine Pageant at Gracechurch Corner, with a little Condyt that ran Wine; the Genouese had theirs in Phanechurchstrete; the Florentines at the farther End of Gracechurchstrete, with an Angel in Green and Gold, that, at pulling of a String, set a Trumpet to his Mouth and made believe to blow it,—only a real Trumpeter stood behind. With these and such-like Toys the City amused their Minds, and humoured themselves into receiving the Queen with due Loyalty.

Many a Puppet prompted.

But when she came forth . . . . alas! what an ill-favoured Lady! Sure, we are all as God made us, for Homeliness or Comeliness; but yet a sweet Nature may be discerned through the plainest Favour; but it could not be discerned here. And she declined her Head upon her Hand, as though for some Ache or Ail that constrained her to regard Everything done in her Honour askance and awry. 'Tis Pity o' my Life! when a Lady is so ill at Ease, she can't hold

Ye Queen's Crownation,

and Malversation.

her

her Head strait on her Crownation-day. Doubtless crowned Heads are liable to Aches as well as those that own ne'er a Cap; and 'tis a heaven-sent Immunity when they are able as well as willing for all Public Occasions, like our Royal Lady that now rules the Land. With Bon-sires and Feastings, there were many private Families enjoyed that Day more heartily, I wot, than the Queen's Grace in her Chair of State. The Ceremonial was spun out beyond all Reason; and when she returned, 'twas with the three Swords of the three Kingdoms borne sheathed before her, and another unsheathed—alack!

Mafter Cheke dined with us next Day . . . . he was now a withered little old Man, with a frosty Bloom still on his thin Cheek, but no Fire in his Eye. He was mighty cast down at the late Imprisonment of his Nephew, who, though now set at large, had had a narrow Escape of it, and behoved to lie close. Wherefore, to the old Man's Thought, all Joy had vanished, the Mirth of the Land

not the Sword of the Spirit.

T

was gone: and he took up his Parable and prophefied evil Things.

"And who knows not," quod he, "whether "we shall not shortly have a Romish King "over us? The Queen is in Love to Death "with Reginald Pole; and although he will "none of her, he may not be able to resist "a matrimonial Crown. We shall have him "fent for presently, and released from his "Vows, as sure as London Bridge is built on "Wool-packs."

Well I wot Master Cheke had the Truth on't. For the Queen's Grace, being now seven an' thirty Year old, had no Time to lose, if she minded to marry at all; and Reginald Pole, albeit now in his sifty-fourth Year, was the very handsomest Man of his Time; more by Token Michael Angiolo (the greater Shame to him!) had put in his Face for that of our Saviour in his Scholar's famous Picture of the Raising of Lazarus. Howbeit, e'en a Queen, it seemeth, may woo in vain. She sent for Pole with a legatine Power, and moreover writ private Letters

unto

unto him and to the *Pope* with her own Hand. But, albeit the *Pope* rejoiced in his Heart at the Thought of regaining *England*, *Pole* gave fuch manifest Signals of hanging back until the Queen were married, as that her Grace without more Ado entertained Proposals from *Philip* of *Spain*; she having, thirty Years before, been promised to his Father!

This Year, Master Hewet was made Sheriff. Well remember I young Mistress Anne, tripping down from her Closet in sky-blue Taffeta, and flirting a little Feather-san as she passed me, crying, "Make Way for the Sheriff's "Daughter! Oh, Ned, how grand I am!—

"' Thereof the Mayor he was full fain,

"'An' eke the Sheriff also—'"

I faid, "Sure, Miftress, the Sheriff in that "Song came to no Good. I wist not ye had "fo much Pride."

She looked about on me with her fweet, fmiling Face, and faid, "I've no Pride for "myfelf, Edward, but I may have for him!

"—May

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"—May I not? may I not?" playfully calling after me as I turned away. I faid, "Oh, forfooth, Miftrefs, ye can do no "Wrong."

"Is that in Jest or Earnest?" faith she, growing serious. "Am I proud, Edward?"

When I faw her wiftful Look, and thought within me how much indeed she had to be both proud and vain of, yet was neither, I could carry it no farther, but said, "In sooth, "fweet Mistress, you are not."

"All's right then," quod fhe gaily, and haftened to the Window to fee the new Sheriff mount his gray Horfe, richly caparifoned. Thereafter, *Miles* and I attended her and Miftrefs *Fraunces* to the River Stairs, where the Company were to embark on a Pleafure-party; I thought the Barge had a goodly and lovely Freight!

Meantime, the Rumour of the Queen's Match occasioned great Murmuring throughout the Land. And Sir *Thomas Wyat*, a Kentish Gentleman, concerted with the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew to take Arms

and

and promote a general Rifing, fo foon as the Prince of Spain should set Foot on English Ground. The Duke, no Doubt, looked for the Re-establishment of his Daughter, Lady Jane, now under Sentence, but allowed the Liberty of the Tower. Sir Thomas, Son to that Wyat of Allington Castle who writ good Verses, had oft been Ambassadour to Spain, where the Cruelty and Subtlety of the People made him tremble at the Thought of their obtaining a Footing in his native Land. But alack! Hew, how many crying Evils must conspire together to give any just Pretence for a Rifing against constituted Authorities! And a defeated Rebellion always strengthens the Hands of Government. So it was in this Instance. We had not as yet been visited with Scourges nor whipped with Scorpions; 'twas only the Fear of what might be, (prefaged, 'tis true enough, by many Foretokens,) that tempted Men to shed Blood and endanger their Heads for the Sake of their Country. Wherefore a Bird of the Air, I suppose, carrying the Matter, Sir Peter Carew, finding

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1554.	finding the Plot bewrayed, takes Thought
	only for himself, and flies over Seas; and
	Wyat, thinking the Hour unripe, yet pur-
	posing rather to hurry forward than retreat,
	taketh Arms with the declared Aim of doing
	no Hurt to the Queen's Person, but of re-
_	moving her evil Counsellors.
Jan. xxv.	Thereon the City was all Confusion.
	Though the 'Prentices had pelted the Spanish
	Ambassadours with Snow-balls, and elder
	People had fpoken against them under their
	Breath, yet that natural Loyalty there is in
	the City, fave under the most aggravating
	Circumstances, drew every one together to
	make common Cause with the Queen, so
	foon as 'twas bruited that Wyat was up in
	Kent. Five hundred of the Trained Bands
	were forthwith fent out against him, and the
	City began to be kept with harneffed Men.
	The Lord Mayor, this Year, was Sir Thomas
	White, Merchant-taylor; he that founded
	St. John's College, Oxford. To him, at the
	Guildhall, cometh my Lord Treasurer, and
	prayeth him to have at the least two thou-

fand

I 554.

fand Men in Harness at all Hours, for the Safeguard of the City. Now begin young Men of every Degree to look out and furbish their Arms and Accoutrements; and the Hum of Preparation is heard throughout the Stretes. Post following hot upon Post, bringeth Tidings that the Duke of Suffolk, in Warwickshire, having, with all his Industry, gotten together but fifty Men, had given up the Game, and betaken himself to a Tenant of his, who kept him three Days hid in a hollow Oak, till he was taken; but that Wyat, with at least four thousand Men, (some made it fourteen thousand,) was marching fast upon Southwark, and the Trained Bands had gone over to him, which caused the Duke of Norfolk, fent against him, to retreat.

Here then was a Prospect for the Bridge! the only Access by which he could command the City. Thou shouldst have seen the Duke ride back, all crest-sallen, with his Guard at his Heels, all simirched and tatterdemoiled, without Arrows or Strings to their Bows, or a Sword to their Sides, or a Cap to their Heads.

Some

Some of the Urchins cried, "A Wyat! a "Wyat!" and got well cuffed for their Pains.

Then came the News of a Rifing in Hertfordshire. On this the Queen cometh to Guildhall, with the Lord Chancellor and all her Council, guarded by a notable Company of Men at Arms; and, befpeaking the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, she pleaded fore they would fland by her against the Arch-traitor that aimed at removing her Counfellors, and having the Custody of her Person; affirming and alleging that she would never once have entertained thought of her Marriage, had it not been infused into her by others that 'twas expedient for the Country. When I heard Master Hewet's Report of her Argument, I remembered the Saying of Master Askew the Draper to Lord Warwick's Man, "That the "City could fometimes better spare the Court "than the Court the City."

They protested they would stand by her—could they do less? And forthwith, Proclamation was made to this Effect:—Now then, let every Man that is disaffected, and every

Man

Man that is faint-hearted, and every Man that is of unftable Mind, be off as faft as he can. There's Wyat ready to welcome all Wellwishers, coming along the Kent Road; and London Bridge is just now open to all those that like to join him, which it will not be to-morrow; for the Draw-bridge is going to be fawn afunder and cast into the River, the Gates are going to be shut, the Gate-houses are going to be manned, the Cannons are going to be planted to defend them and to take the Range of the Borough, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in Harness are going to fland immediately behind the Gate, and every Man on the Bridge will close his Windows and ftand in his Door with his 'Prentices armed and ready to do Battle. God fave the Queen!

Not many croffed the Bridge after that. Those that did were glad to explain 'twas on necessary and lawful Business, or they got hooted and sometimes pelted. The Lord Mayor went with my Master into every House, to see its Condition and Defence.

The Lord Mayor and Master Hewet visit every House;

When

and call on the old Lady that lives with her Cats.

When they reached the Door of the old Lady that lived all alone by herfelf with her Cats, they could gain no Entrance, nor hear Sound of Life within fave a difmal Mewing. Mafter Hewet was for departing, faying he believed the House safe enough, though its Owner was shy of Strangers; but my Lord Mayor faid a filent House was not always the fafest, and there might be Spies, and even harneffed Men flut up. So they perfifted knocking; and at length a skinny old Woman, all trembling with Fear, peered forth, and would wit what 'twas all about. When they told her the Bridge was going to be put in a State of Defence for Queen Mary, she cried, "God fave "her fweet Majesty!" and let them in, shutting and bolting the Door behind them. She fayth, "Oh! Sirs, I fee ye be loyal and ho-"nourable Gentlemen, well affected to our "bleffed Queen, wherefore I fear not to truft "you with my Secret—howbeit, I am not the "only one in this House."

The Subprioress's Tale.

The Lord Mayor gave a quick Look at Master Hewet.

-" I was, you must know," continued she, "Sub-prioress of a small religious House at "Mickleham, in Surrey . . . . there were but "fix of us; we were harmless and happy "enough; howbeit, the Eighth Harry, that "called himfelf Defender of our Faith, turned "us out Neck and Heels when he put down "the leffer Monasteries; and my Father, to "whom this House belonged, gave me "Shelter in it during his Life, and left it to "me at his Death. Whereby I have been "enabled to give House-room and Board to "my aged Superior, who otherwife would "have been cast into the Strete, through all "the evil Times; none witting she was under "my Roof. And now that better Days are "come, she is past any Advantage of them, "being long Time bed-rid, as ye shall see."

So fhe hobbled up-stairs before them, followed by her half-dozen Cats, and led the Way into a Chamber having a bright Wood Fire kindled on the Hearth, but nearly bare of Furniture, beyond a Chair, a Table, a Crucifix, and a Couple of Treffel-beds, on one

of which lay an old Woman, fleeping, on the utmost Verge of Life. She mutely pointed to her, then led them over the rest of the House, which was utterly disfurnished, and chiefly shut up; she having got rid of the Moveables for what they would fetch, through the Agency of her only Consident, Sir Tobias. So now you have the Story of the old Lady that was supposed to live all alone by herself with her Cats.

Miles' black Eyes kindled like Coals at the Thought of defending the Bridge. . . . I confess I felt a Glow within me, and handled my Bill and Bow with exceeding Complacence. The Mayor complimented my Master on having a Couple of such smart Lads, and said his Premises would be well defended. Also, he said he wished he had such a fair Daughter as Mistress Anne, who served him with Bread and Wine.

If the Queen were ever popular, it was that Time! What joyous Smiles and brifk Words were exchanged as People ran along the Bridge!—what Glory attended the Guards

that

that manned the Gates!—how we revelled in every Blow that cut down the Draw-bridge! Splash it went into the River! Spontaneously we gave three Cheers. Just before the Approach was cut off, Lord William Howard, (since, Lord Howard of Effingham,) with fifty of his Men, rode over the Bridge to St. George's Church, Southwark, to note the State of Things, and so back. I remember his looking gaily over his Shoulder as he passed, crying out in Hearing of us all, "This "Bridge hath to-day a Chance of being the "Thermopylæ of London!"

A Messenger from the Rebels came to parley, and was led blindfold across the Bridge, to and from Lord *Pembroke*, Commander in Chief.

On Saturday Morning, Wyat was proclaimed Traitor, and a Price fet on his Head. There was a grand Muster of Horse and Foot in Finsbury Fields. At three in the Afternoon, Wyat advanced upon London from Deptford; and, as soon as his Movement was perceived, an eight Pounder was levelled at

him

him from the White Tower, the Shot of which took none Effect. Immediately my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs made Hafte to London Bridge: we gave them three Cheers. The Strete was prefently choaked; People removing their Stalls and Wares, Shop Shutters putting up, young Men running up and down to Weapons and Harness, young Women beginning to shed Tears, Children and Maids shutting themselves up in the upper Stories.

My Hands trembled fo with Emotion I could fcarce fasten a Buckle. Mistress Anne, passing, sayth, "Let me do it for you—"Ladies of old Time buckled on Knights' "Harness, and bade them good Speed, as I "bid you... But oh! Ned, I am in Fear "for my Father." I said, "But he hath no "Fear, unless for you. Therefore, look not "forth; the only Danger is in a random "Shot."

Then she asked me what I thought would happen if the worst came to the worst. I told her I had not thought about it, so sure was I

the

the best would come to the best. She said she thought so too—at least she hoped so; and bade me tell every Word of News I heard through the Wicket. Presently I heard that Wyat, with his Army, was close beyond the further Bridge Gate, and had pointed two Pieces of Ordnance against the Bridge: which I thought needless to tell Mistress Anne.

He was a fine Fellow, Hew, in his Way, there's no gainfaying. He thought to free his Country from Harm; and, when he heard a Price was fet upon his Head, he wrote his name on a Slip of Paper, and fet it on his Cap.

My Master was a-foot, and in Harness on the Bridge all Night. The Women kept close and quite still above-stairs, while Miles and I kept Watch below; but, I wot, they were as wakeful as ourselves. Towards Daydawn my Master comes in: Mistress Anne, in her white Wrapper over her Dress, leans over the Rail at the Stair-head, and cryeth, "Is all well?" "All well, my Heart!" returns her Father. "Oh! thank God,"

cries

cries she; and meeting him half-way down the Stair, casts herself into his Arms.

'Twas Sunday Morning; and, maybe, a Day of much Prayer, if of little Churchgoing; but scarcely a Day of Rest. A Banner of Defiance was unfurled a-top of the Tower, and a heavy Piece of Ordnance discharged when they changed the Watch.

Lord *Howard* was walking to and fro on the Bridge, his Sword clanking at every firm, beavy Tread; and anon he goeth to the Gate at the *Southwark* End, and calleth in a loud, determined Voice, "Wyat!"

Prefently fome one makes Answer, "What "would ye with him?"

"I would fpeak with him," fayth my Lord.
Answereth the other, "Our Captain is
"busy; if ye have any Message for him, I
"will bear it."

"Marry," fayth my Lord, "ask of him "what he meaneth by this Invasion; and "whether he continue in his Purpose or no."

The Messenger departed; and in about three Quarters of an Hour returned with a weighted

weighted Purse, containing Master Wyat's Answer; which, being flung over the Gate, was received and read by my Lord, who tare it up, as good for Nought. On the Saturday Afternoon, all Boats had been brought to the City Side of the River, not to be taken therefrom on Pain of Death.

My Lord Howard, turning in to our House about Noon for Refreshment, looketh fixedly on Miles, and sayth, "So, you are young "Ofborne." "No, my Lord," quod I, stepping forward, "I am he;" thinking he had Somewhat to say unto me; but he only looked hard at me, and said, "Oh."

At Table, my Master helping him to Wine, he sayth, "That is a rare Brilliant on your "little Finger, Master Hewet—may I be "favoured with a nearer View of it?" "My "Lord," sayth Master Hewet, "it is a Token-"ring: I never take it off.—However," quod he presently, "you shall see it, and read the "Posy inside, connecting it with the Matter "we spake of just now." I noted a singular Smile

Smile on my Lord Howard's Face as he returned it.

That Night, like the laft, was fpent in Harness, but passed not, like the last, without Event. The Weather was piercing cold; and a good Watch-fire was kept up just within the Gate, whereat my Lord Howard, Sir Andrew Judd, the Lord Mayor, Mafter Hewet, and others, flood and warmed themselves. Meantime, Master Wyat, anxious to reconnoitre, breaks down the Wall of a House adjoining the Gate on his Side the Draw-bridge, by which Breach he ascendeth the Leads of the Gate-house, and thence coming down into the Porter's Lodge, it being about eleven o' the Clock, he findeth the Porter fleeping, but his Wife, with fundry others, watching over a Fire of Coals. On beholding Wyat they fuddenly started; but he commanded them to keep quiet as they valued their Lives, and they should sustain no Hurt; so, they having no Courage to oppose him, he went forth of the other Side the Gate-house to look across to the Bridge. There, beyond the Chasm, within

Deputy, the Lord Mayor, and the Rest standing about the Fire in their Clokes. After noting them well, and seeing there was no Hope of taking them by Surprise, he returneth whence he came, and doeth his Party to wit how the City strengtheneth itself, and is on the Alert. Peradventure to make farther Proof thereof, the Men of Kent thereon made an Uproar as it were in Sign of assaulting the Bridge, and fired two Field Pieces. Whereat we were all alive and to Arms in an Instant; and the Cries that ran along the Bridge shewed the Insurgents we were ready for them.

On Monday we were heartened, and doubt-less Wyat was disheartened, by the Bruit of Lord Abergavenny's marching upon him from Blackheath with three Thousand Men. Thereon ensewed Diversity of Councils, in the End whereof, Master Wyat decided to march along the Thames next Day, to get Access to Middlesex by Kingston Bridge. One of the Lieutenant's Men of the Tower being despatched on special Charge across to the Bishop of Winchester's

chester's Palace, a Waterman of the Tower Stairs prayed him for a Cast in his Boat, which he granted. Seven of Wyat's Men being on the Look-out, levelled their Arquebuffes at the Boat, charging them to re-land, which they not complying with, the Men discharged their Pieces with mortal Effect, for the poor Waterman fell dead, and the Sculler with much Terror rowed back, through the Bridge, to the Tower Wharf. The Lieutenant, in a mighty Heat at what had happened, levelled feven great Pieces of Ordnance full against the fouth End of the Bridge and against Southwark, besides all the Guns on the White Tower, and over the Water-gate, fo that the Men and Women dwelling in Southwark rushed contusedly to Master Wyat, and prayed him to take Pity on them, or they should be utterly undone and destroyed. Whereat, he, partly abashed, faid, "I pray you, Friends, have Patience a little, "and I will prefently relieve you of your "Fears." And fo, gave Orders to march; and cleared out of Southwark about eleven of the

the Clock on Shrove Tuesday, without leaving a Penny unpaid to the Inhabitants, or doing the least Damage beyond facking and destroying the Bishop of Winchester's Palace and Library. Thus ended our three Days' Beleaguerment. Now, leaving the Bridge in sufficient Guard, Master Hewet's Post lay at one of the City Gates: and a general Muster in St. James's Field was proclaimed for six o' the Clock next Morning.

At four o' the Clock, however, the Drums called to Arms, Wyat having croffed at Kingflon, and being already at Brentford. The
Law-Serjeants went to Westminster Hall, that
Morning, with Harness under their Gowns,
and the Queen's Chaplain sung Mass before
her with Harness under his Vestments. By
ten o' the Clock, my Lord Pembroke's Troop
of Horse hovered about Wyat's Party, and
Ordnance began to be fired on both Sides;
whereon the Screams of Women and peaceable People at Charing Cross, as well as the
Firing, could be heard at the Tower. Wyat
drove back my Lord Chamberlain's Guard, and
marched

marched on to Ludgate in diforderly Array. There he knocked at the Gate, and my Lord Howard from within asked who knocked: and on his giving his Name, cried, "Avaunt, "Traitor! thou enterest not here." Sundry of his Men cried, "Queen Mary hath granted "our Request, and given us Pardon!" but 'twas known for a Feint; fo they had Nought for it but to return whence they came; and at Charing Crofs the Fight was renewed and waxed hot. At length, a Herald called on Wyat to yield rather than shed more Blood, and trust to the Queen's Mercy. Whereon, he, aftonied and dejected, replied, "Well, if "I must, let me yield me to a Gentleman." Sir Morrice Berkeley bade him leap up behind him; and two others picked up young Cobham and Knevet, and so carried them off, and the Fight was ended. They lay, that Night, in the Tower.

There was Somewhat mighty kindling, Hew, in that Defence of the Bridge: and we all felt triumphant and thankful when the Fight was over; but thereafter came great Gravity

Gravity and Sadness, to muse on what might have been, and on what would shortly befal those Men in the *Tower*. A grievouse Thing is a Civil War.

Then Master Hewet,—ah! what a Shrievalty was his! but yet he thanked God in Aftertime that it fell not a Year or two later—he must be present at the beheading the poor guiltless Boy Guilford Dudley, and also of the Lady Jane. That fame Day, Hew, there was fet up a Gallows at every Gate in London, and at the Bridge-foot; three or four at Charing Cross, and in many other Places. About four hundred Rebels were condemned in one Day. The Prifons were fo o'ercrowded that they were kept in Ward in Churches. The Lady Elizabeth was committed to the Tower; daily, new State Prisoners went in, and they that came forth, 'twas but to their Scaffolds. Suffolk, Wyat, the Greys-'twas an awful Time to be Sheriff! There were City Feasts; but Men met to look one another in the Face, and ask what would come next, rather than for Potacion and Refection.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Non est bonum vivere, sed bene vivere." SEN. Not good Living, but good Life.

### IX.

## Osborne is out of his Time.

1554.

May viii.

Osborne
is made
free of
ye City.

I was out of my Time; and was examined by the Master and Wardens of our Company whether I had duly and faithfully served my Apprenticeship: and being found sufficient and allowed, was presented to the Chamberlain of London to be made free; was sworn, and paid Two-and-sixpence.

I remember one of the Wardens eyed me rather curiously when I went up; and said, "So thou art young Ofborne?" "Yea," quod the other, "the Knight of the Flying Leap!" an old Joke I thought every one had forgotten. Howbeit they shook Hands with me, and said they wished every Master as good a 'Prentice.

Thereafter

Thereafter I went to fee *Tomkins*, whom I had loft Sight of a long Time. His Wife was fpreading a clean Diaper over the Table, his little Girl playing with a Kitten on the Hearth, and a ftraggling Sunbeam through the Lattice was lighting up his pale, placid Face as he fate at his Loom. I have thought fince, that ministering Spirits might have been passing to and fro on that Beam, unperceivable to my mortal Sense.

"Ha!" quod he, "this is a pleafant Sight.

"What! the blue Gown is thrown off at laft!

"But how? no Scallops? no Slashes? no

"Taffeta-lined Cloke, nor Shirt edged with

"Silver? Thou keepest within the Statute,

"at all Events. Why, Miles goes as fine as a

"Popinjay! Howbeit, I like your dark brown

"better than his Eggs and Spinach; 'tis good

"Tafte, Lad, not to drefs above one's Degree.

"All the World can fee which is the Gentle-

"man's Son, which the Burreller's."

"Thou art e'en too hard on poor Miles," quod I. "He is working very hard just now "in hope of marrying."

"All

- "All the better," faith *Tomkins*; "many a "fecond-rate Fellow is made better by a first-"rate Wife! What? is he thinking of *Try-*"phofa?"
- "Oh no," quod I, laughing, "he thinks her quite too old."
- "Look you there now!" quod he, much amused, "too old, forsooth! To hear how "Boys talk! Marry, you must sup with us,
- "and tell me about Everything; that is, if
- " you can condescend to eat aught but Man-
- " chet-bread in these grand Days. Step down
- "to Fishmongersrow, dear Dinah, and fetch us
- " a Crab."
- "That's a long Step, Tomkins," observed his Wife; "would not Something I could "get nearer do as well?"
- "No," quod he gently, "I want a Crab, "and I want it from thence; fo oblige me, "good Dinah."
- "That I will," replied she, cheerfully, tying on her Hood, and departing the next Minute with her Child in her Arms.
  - "I remember," quod Tomkins, laughing,

"how

"how you and Miles played away at the Crab

"on our Wedding-day. And if you fpurn

"fuch homely Dainties now, you'll be Home

"in Time for your real Supper after all. 'Tis

"but three o' the Clock."

"To hear you talk," faid I, "one would "think we lived just now in Lubberland, "where the Rivers run Gravy and Apple-"fauce, and the roast Pigs run about, saying, "Come eat me."

"Why, is not Master Hewet Sheriff?" quod Tomkins, "and doth he not ride a gray Horse, "and wear a velvet Coat and a Jewel in his "Cap? Sure, you must be steeped in Wassail "and Feasting."

"Ah," quod I, "there's little real Mirth "in it. Seldom do we fee a Smile now on "Mafter Hewet's Face . . . . Miftres Anne is "in the Country; Miftres Fraunces does the "Honours with all Grace, many People come "and go, new Servants wait, many fine "Dishes are cooked and eaten; but the "Times are so bad, there is little Hilarity "with it all."

" Aye?"

"Aye?" quod he, lowering his Voice, "is't e'en fo?" Then, changing his Manner altogether, he rose, sate by the Fire, and pointed me to a Seat overagainst him.

"Ned," faith he, "what is to be looked "for, when the very Heavens above, though "without articulate Voice or Sound, proclaim "coming Judgment? Two Suns shining at "once i' the Firmament! The Bow of "Mercy, not, indeed, withdrawn, but re-"versed; the Bow turned downward, and the "two Ends standing upward! Didst see it?"

I faid, I did; it had puzzled the Wife, and affrighted the Weak.

"Well might it do either, or both," quod he. "Well!... we shall see what comes "of it. These Foreshadows are sometimes "fent in Mercy, that thoughtful People may "prepare. 'Fearful Sights and great Signs "'shall there be from Heaven.' 'And when "these Things begin to come to pass, lift "'up your Heads, for your Redemption "draweth nigh.' 'And he that endureth "'unto the End, the same shall be saved.'

"'Settle it therefore in your Hearts not to "'meditate beforehand what ye shall an-"fwer; for I will give you a Mouth and "'Wisdom that all your Adversaries shall "'not be able to gainsay nor resist.' 'In your "'Patience possess ye your Souls.'"

"Tomkins!" cried I, filled with fudden Admiration, "thou couldft not always have "thus quoted and applied the Bible!"

"Lad," quod he, "Times are altered. I "don't suppose there was ever a quiet, fair-"fpoken Man nearer the Edge of the Pit "of Destruction than I was, a few Years "back. Just as I was trifling on the Brink, "a Child's Voice called me back. Ned!'twas "thine. I had known for Months and Years "what 'twas to lie down with a Heart ill at "Peace with God. He that is very glad to "get into a good and fafe Covert, will not "waste his Time in dallying with too curious "Subtleties. Since I have gone the Way "I should, Years have seemed like Days! "I have tasted the Life of Life: yet never "was more ready to lay it down at my "Mafter's

I 554.

"Master's Feet! 'Tis all I have to give " him!"

"I hope," faid I, after a Paufe, "there will

" be no Need." "But what have we to expect?" quod he. "Here's the Mass and all its Mummery re-"vived on every Hand; Mass Priests set in "the Place of godly Preachers, and good "Men deprived and cast into Prison. Philip "of Spain and Cardinal Pole will prefently "fweep all before them, and make a clear "House on't! Do you remember—but, "peradventure, 'twas before thy Time-Maf-"ter Chester coming to Master Hewet, and "putting it to him what he should do with "a 'Prentice Lad of his, one Lawrence Saun-"ders, whom he had overheard hard wreftling "in Prayer, and found wholly given to spiri-"tual Contemplation and the reading of godly "Books? Master Hewet advised his cancel-"ling his Indentures and fending him to "Cambridge, which he did; and the good "Youth did no fmall Credit to his kind "and enlightened Master. But, last October,

" Ned,

"Ned, he preached a Sermon in Allhallows'

"Church, the pure Doctrine whereof brought

"him into Trouble; for Bonner and the

"Chancellor called him a frenzy Fool, and

"committed him to Prison, where he hath

"lain, in great hardness, ever since; nor will

"come forth, I fear me, except to be burned.

"Then there's good Bishop Hooper—"

. "Ah," faid I, "when he was committed

"to the Fleet last September, he had nothing

"for his Bed but a little Pad of Straw and

"a rotten Covering, with a Tick and a few

"Feathers therein, in a foul and unwholefome

"Chamber. And this we had from his Man,

"John Downton, Brother to our Maid, Da-

"maris: whereon Master Hewet sent him

"Money, and a good Bed."

"Then there's young Hunter, the 'Pren-

"tice," continued Tomkins, "was brought

"up for refusing to receive the Mass Com-

"munion this Easter. His Master contrived

"to fend him down to his Father's, at Brent-

"wood, where he prefently fell again into

"Trouble for reading of the Bible that lay

"on

"on the Clerk's Defk, and was fet in the "Stocks twenty-four Hours. And then they "fent him up to Bonner, who fet him in the "Stocks at his own Gate for two Days and "two Nights, with only a Crust of Bread and "a Cup of Water; the Lad's young Brother "all the while sitting by him. Then he was "cast into the Convict Prison, as heavily "ironed as one of his tender Years could "bear, and hath lain there ever since, "with a Half-penny a Day for his Keep. "Could you or I shew such Constancy, think "you?"

"You might, but I could not," faid I.

"You might, but I might not," fighed he—
"not the Thing that will follow."

And, fuddenly thrusting his Hand into the very midst of the Fire, which was burning fiercely, he as suddenly plucked it out; turning on me a Look I shall never forget! It expressed the Anguish of a Man weighed in the Balance and found wanting. We sate for a few Seconds in perfect and most painful Silence; his Hand, in great Blisters, resting

on his Knee. Suddenly I flarted up, and laid my Hand on his Shoulder.

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- "Tomkins," cried I, "what are you think"ing of?"
- "I was thinking," returned he, with filling Eyes, "how unworthy I was of the Saviour "that died for me."
- "But your Hand! did not you feel the "Smart?"
- "My Hand?" cried he, ftarting and looking down upon it. "No, not just then!"
  "I'd forgotten it."
- "See! fee!" cried I, "what may be the "Victory of the Spirit over the Flesh! What "has been, may be again. As our Day, our "Strength shall be."

The large Tears came into his Eyes. "Ned," quod he, "I will never doubt it again."

"And now," faid I, "let me drefs your "Hand, for I know Something of Burns." So I went out and got white Cotton Wool, and wrapped a great Pad of it about his Hand, and tied it up neatly; and, just at that Time, his Wife came in with the Crab.

- "Why, what's the Matter?" cried she, changing Colour.
- "Nothing at all, my Love," returned her Husband, cheerfully, "fave that I've burnt "my Hand."
- "Ah," faid she, "you wist the Handle of "the Kettle was loofe . . . . I won't pity you
- "at all. Is it a very bad Hurt, though?"
  - "Nothing to speak of," quod he.
  - "Forfooth, and you couldn't fmile fo, an'
- "'twere-only thou haft made fuch a great
- "Bundle of it. Shall I tie it up neater for
- "thee, Husband?"
  - "No, fweet Heart, it does well enough.
- "So now for the Crab . . . . And fo, young
- "Miftress Anne is in the Country?"
  - "At the Hall," quod I, "with her Uncle."
- "Ah," fayth he quietly, "the Squire hath
- "two fair Sons . . . . I think she will fettle
- "down there one of these Days."

X.

## Evil Times bring Evil Crimes.

ftill less of those which followed after it! In July, Philip of Spain landed on our Shores, and as he placed his Foot for the first Time on British Ground, he drew his Sword, and carried it a little Way naked in his Hand; which, if it meant Anything, certes did mean no Good. The Mayor of Southampton brought him the Keys of the Town, which he took and gave back without the least Token of Good-will or Civility for the Respect. Five Days thereafter, his Marriage with the Queen was solemnized at Winchester, he being seven and twenty, and she eight and thirty; and

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thereon they were together proclaimed as King and Queen of *England*—an Evil Song to *English* Ears! But oh! the Shews and Pageants that were got up to welcome them in *London!* Giants, offering Address; our Condyts running Wine; and what not?

Thereafter, the Queen and her King behoved to go to *Hampton Court*; where, I will just observe, the Hall-door was continually kept shut, so as no Man might enter, unless his Errand were first known; which might perhaps be the Fashion in *Spain*, but to plain, honest *Englishmen*, seemed very strange.

About this Time there were fo many Spaniards in London, that for one Englishman in the Stretes thou mightest meet four Spaniards, with their long, sly Slits of Eyes, and hairy Faces; so that it behoved us to keep our Hall-doors shut and look to our Spoons, for I never heard the King Consort undertook to stand Bail for them. About September they went their Ways; not entirely paying their Bills.

About

About this Time the Difaffection of the Body Politic was betrayed by a small Rising in Suffolk, soon put down. Howbeit, it gave Occasion for a talk of twelve thousand Spaniards coming over to strengthen the Crown. Also, from the Queen's common Ordinary of her Household was struck off twenty-two Messes of Meat; which was considered to be paring the Cheese rather close.

Also, the new Coins were iffued: them that we call the Double-face. The Spanish Prince, to buy good Opinion, had brought over Heaps of Gold with him. In one Day, there came to the Tower twenty Carts guarded by Spaniards, each containing twenty-feven Chests of Treasure, matted about with Mats. But Gold won't buy Love: the common Talk was how he held himself close, and lived fullen, without ever an English Lord at Court, save only the Bishop of Winchester.

Then Bishop Bonner began his Visitation, to see the old Service set up, and paint out the Scripture Texts on the Church-walls, and set up the Images. They say that, in conducting

1554.

Oct. ij.

Much Treasure brought by ye Spaniard. Could Gold buy all, ye Spaniardbuy ye World. " Oro non compratutto."

Sept.

ducting this Matter, he was little short of a raging Madman, whenever he met with any, the least Opposition . . . I think thou mayst believe it of him, when thou hearest what I have presently to say.

Master Hewet's Shrievalty was out; and never was Man better pleased to slip his Neck out of the Collar. We were sitting peaceably together, when a Woman comes in to him all in Tears. 'Twas Tomkins' Wife, poor Dinah, to do us to wit that Tomkins, with sundry others, had been apprehended by Bishop Bonner, and taken for Examination to his Palace at Fulham. "And, unless "their Manhood fail them," quo' she, weeping, "we may give them up for lost; for he "makes the Real Presence a Net for catching "Small and Great." We comforted her all we could; but she spake too true a Word.

The Constancy of this poor Weaver, Hew, shewn under Examination, was very notable. There were fix Prisoners in all; but Tomkins, perhaps on Account of his being the elder of them, was brought most forward. To intimidate

intimidate these poor Men the more, Bishop Bonner had got together a goodly Muster of his Clergy and Friends, Dr. Chedsey, Master Harpsfield, and others. Beginning the Attack, according to his Wont, with the Real Prefence, he put it to Tomkins whether or no he believed in Transubstantiation. On Tomkins' meekly but firmly confessing he did not, and giving his Reasons for that Confession, Bonner struck him on the Face with his Fift, and violently tore out a Handful of his Beard. Tomkins bare this in Silence, remembering Him who flood before Caiaphas. Then Bonner, lashing himself up, began anew to question him; and being still unable to catch him in his Talk, he feized him by the Wrift; and holding his Hand over a lighted Candle of three or four Wicks that stood on the Table, favagely kept it there till the Veins fhrank and the Sinews burst.

"But, Ned," quoth this meek Martyr, telling me of it in Newgate, "though one of "the Bishop's own Friends that stood by "turned so sick that he cried, 'Hold! enough!"

"I affirm unto you that I was fo rapt, and in "fuch immediate Communion with my God" and Saviour, that, at that Time, I felt or "was fensible of no Pain! I fay not I "felt none afterwards: I feel it now. But "ne'ertheless, I tell thee, Ned, I am ready "not only to suffer this, but also to die for "the Name of the Lord Jesus, if it be his "Will."

And many other fuch godly and comfortable Words he fpake, both then and during the next fix Months; for I was continually with him. And, during all that Time, his Courage never waxed faint, but he bare that long Probation and Sufpense patiently and cheerfully; never rifing into Rapture, but full of Love and Hope; and grateful exceedingly unto Master *Hewet*, for keeping his Wife and Child in Bread all that Time.

Then faw I how diverse, yea, how inferior, is that Sort of instinctive animal Courage which made me leap from London Bridge, from that moral Courage which enableth a Man kept low, and contumeliously treated, to support,

fupport, by the Space of half an Year, the Prospect of a cruel and lingering Death.

1554.

—Ah, Boy, thou mayeft fay what thou lifteft:—thou art a young Soldier.—Befides, thou haft *both* Sorts; one, maybe, from me; and one from *her*.

Nov.

And now, to crown all, came over Cardinal Pole, whom our Spanish King came down to the Water-fide to meet, so soon as he had learned he had shot the Bridge. But, in Faith, Hew, he was not so evil as the others. He was no longer the Man for whom Queens might die in Love; still less the Youth that had bandied Jests with More and Erasmus:— he had known Sorrow, I wot!—his Mother, his Brother, his Cousin, had been brought with Sorrow to their Graves; and albeit his Friends did say of him he should be called non Polus Anglus, sed Polus angelus, he carried his Sadness in his Face.

And now, the Church and Realm of England were proclaimed reconciled to the Pope of Rome; the flavish Parliament put its Neck under the Queen's Foot; there was great finging

154	The Colloquies		
1555.	finging of Te Deum, and great kindling of		
Jan.  Good Christian People haled to Prison. Ill when ye Law of ye Land is opposed to ye Law of God.	Bone-fires;—Alas! there were to be other Bone-fires foon.		
	The New Year opened ominously. About		
	thirty Citizens, Men and Women, privately		
	receiving the Communion of Mr. Rose, their		
	Minister, in a House in <i>Bow Churchyard</i> , were		
	haled to Prison. For thou feest, Hew, Ro-		
	manism had now, through the Slavishness of		
	our Parliament, been re-established as the Law		
	of the Land, which all Friends of good Order		
	were bounden to uphold; wherefore those		
	were constrained to break it, and be classed as		
	bad Citizens, who chose rather to abide by the		
	Law of God—a Dilemma that ought never to		
Jan. xxv.	have happened. They that are fet in foremost		
	Places are bounden to fland in the Breach,		
	that Evil ensew not unto them whose Place is		
	behind them.		
	Now, fee in what a Strait was Master		
	Hewet. He and every other Alderman had		
	to attend Paul's Church on Paul's Day, where		
	the King and Cardinal came in great State,		
	to give Thanks for the Re-conversion of the		
	Realm		

Realm to the Roman Catholic Church. This was on the 25th; and on the 28th, the Bishops had Commission from the Cardinal to try all fuch Preachers and Heretics as lay in Prison. By Virtue whereof, Gardiner and the other Bishops had up before them that very Day, Bishop Hooper, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Cardmaker, and others, in the Church of St. Mary Overy. I flood, with others, at the Church Door, to fee the Prisoners come out. They were remanded to the Compter, in Southwark, about four o' the Clock, just as 'twas growing Dark, till nine the next Morning; and as they came forth, I faw good Bishop Hooper look back and wait a little for Master Rogers, whom, when he came up, he cheerfully addressed with, "Come, Brother Rogers, must we two "take this Matter first in Hand, and begin to "fry these Fagots?" "By God's Grace, "Sir," quod Rogers, "we will." "Doubt "not," returns the good Bishop, "but God "will give us that." And fo paffed on, Hand in Hand, much cheered and preffed on by the People.

Next

Jan. xxix.

Thou that degradest me, thyself degradest.

Next Day they were re-examined, and condemned and degraded. The Sheriffs had much ado to guard them to the Clink in Southwark, where they kept them in Ward till Dark, hoping the Throng would disperse or ere they brought them across the Bridge Newgate. Howbeit, about eight o' the Clock, I being alone and bufied, heard a great Rumour, followed by fharp, fhrill Cries along the Bridge, and Master Hewet, stepping in, all in a Heat, fayth, "Lights! Lights!" I mutely gave him mine, and fetched another, and we flood at the Door, protecting the Candles from the Wind with our Hands. Others were haftily bringing Candles to their Doors; and still we could hear Men and 'Prentices

running forward and crying, "Lights!"

"They thought to do a Deed of Darkness
"in the dark," quod Master Hewet, wiping
his Brow, "and to smuggle them across to
"Newgate under cover of the Night; and so
"fent forward to have all the Candles at the
"Costermongers' Stalls extinguished...but,
"if they're ashamed of their Work, let them

"abye

"abye it!...God fpeed you, Master Hooper!

"God fave you, Master Rogers! The Bless-

"ing of God be on you, and on all like you!"

"The fame to you all, dear Friends!" responded the cheerful Voice of the good Bishop, as he passed. "The Lord have you "all evermore in his Keeping."

And then Master *Hewet* went in and covered his Face, and wept.



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## XI.

The Blood of the Martyrs, ye Seed of ye Church.

1555.

I

Miles, er of ye Faith.

I MAY as well tell thee now, Hew, by way of Relief to heavier Matters, the ludicrous Form that Miles's Protestantism took. He was never one of the most ferious; and when Master Hewet, at the preceding Easter, had, on Compulsion as Alderman of the Ward, given formal Notice to every Householder, with their Families, to prepare to confess and receive the Sacrament, Miles fayth, with a knavish Look at me, "I must do Somewhat "first to confess about."

Prefently after that, I heard him coaxing Miftress Fraunces's white Cat, with, "Puffy, "Puffy, Puffy! come to Preferment, Puffy!"

But

But Puss, as if she smelt Mischief in the Wind, slew up the Chimney. Then quod he, "Thou'rt too good for the Purpose, after "all. I must go pay my Duty to the Sub-"prioress, that lives all alone with her Cats." Quod I, "What Mischief are you about "now?" Sayth he, "If you ask no unplease fant Questions, you'll hear no unpleasant "Answers. What if I want to get up a little "Masque of Puss in Boots?"

Next Day, at dawning, there was feen in Chepe, on the Gallows that had been fet up for the Kentish Rioters, a Cat suspended, apparelled like a Priest ready to say Mass, with a shaven Crown, and her two fore feet tied over her Head, with a round Paper, like a Waser-cake, put between them, as though in the Act of raising the Host. Fits of boisterous Laughter rang through Chepe: howbeit, the Queen and Bishops were in great Dudgeon; and a Proclamation was made that same Afternoon, that whosoever should bring forth the guilty Party should have twenty Nobles, which was afterwards increased

''Y traeba en el escudo un gato con una letra que dice MIU." creafed to twenty Marks: but I need not fay that Nobody ever claimed it. I think I might have put the Money in my Pocket if I would.

Howbeit, neither *Miles* nor I felt ourselves called upon to confess to the Priest; in special as Master *Hewet* never ensorced it on any, after the first formal Notice; and, I wot, he went not himself. Indeed, it was marvellous, he said, in after Years, that considering how open he laid himself to Animadversion on these Matters, no Enemy took Advantage of him: howbeit, I doubt if he had one; there were many to make common Cause with him, and he was much loved throughout the Ward.

But I have not done with *Miles* yet. The next Offence his Protestantism took was at an Idol of *Thomas à Becket*, which the *Lord Chancellor* caused to be set up over the Mercers' Chapel Door, in *Chepe*: which, within two Days, had its Head lopped off in the Night. Upon this rose great Disturbance, and one Mr. *Barnes*, a Mercer, who lived over against the Chapel, was vehemently accused

by my Lord Wriothesley of being Principal or Acceffary to the Deed. He defended himfelf with every Semblance of Innocence; nevertheless, he, and three 'Prentices, were imprisoned for a Day or two; and, though Nothing was proven against him, he was, on his Delivery, bound in a great Sum of Money to repair the Image so often as it should be broken down, and also to watch and defend the fame. I should never have suspected Miles of having had Aught to do with this Matter, fave for his gloomy and guilty Looks while Barnes lay in Ward, and for his great Access of Gaiety when he was let forth. Howbeit, there are some People whose absolute Genius and Destiny seems to be Mischief; and, a Day or two after the Image's Reftoration, I heard Miles, after pacing up and down the Chamber awhile, like a chafed Lion in a Cage, exclaim, in a Sort of Desperation, "I must do it again!" And next Day, the fecond Head was missing. This Time a hundred Crowns of Gold were offered for Discovery of the Culprit, but they

never were claimed. Then quod *Miles*, embracing me with an unwonted Ardour of Affection, "*Ned!* thou'rt a capital Fel-"low!"

Howbeit, *Miles* presently became absorbed in his Love affair, which brought his Protestant Zeal to a very ignoble Termination. He now lodged at some Distance from us, and kept his private Concerns very much to himself. Having one Day Occasion to speak to him at his Lodging, I there sound not only his Mother, but an exceeding pretty young Woman. "Ned!" quod he, "this is my "Wife; I forgot to tell you before, that I "was married!" "I've a great Mind to forget "it too!" sayth she, pouting, as I went up to salute her, "the Saints be my Witness!" at which I looked attentively at her, and then at him.

He followed me to the Door, when mine Errand was fped. "Ned," whifpered he, and coloured all over, "there'll be no more "hanging of Cats!.... She's a ftaunch "Roman, is Nell! and I'm obliged to con"form,

"form, I can tell thee! Rely on't, there's "much to be faid upon both Sides!" And this was he, had faid he was as firm as London Stone!

I shook my Head at him, but was not just then going to attempt his Conversion. By way of confirming myfelf in the Faith, I passed on to Newgate, where I saw Tomkins, young Hunter, and their Fellow-prisoner in the Lord, Master Rogers, who was to suffer the next Morning. To hear him talk, one would have thought he faw Heaven opened, and the bright Vision that St. Stephen had, revealed to his inward Eye; and he mightily ftrengthened his Brethren. His Wife being denied Access to him, he prayed me give her a Kerchief, the only poor Token he had to fend; and to bid her, if she had Strength for't, to be by the Wayside with the Children, next Morn, on the way to Smithfield. I took her there myfelf; the poor Soul was wondroufly fupported; and when the good Man came by, I held one of his little Children towards him, prompting him to fay, "The

Feb. iv.

"The LORD will strengthen thee, Father!" Which, indeed, he did.

Well, after the Euthanasy of this bleffed

Proto-martyr, who, as though to confirm the Courage of those that came after, did literally wash his Hands in the Flame as if he felt no Smart, Tomkins' Courage, strange to fay, greatly departed from him, and he doubted much if he should hold firm unto the End. Thereon, great Prayer was made for him by his Brethren in Bonds, and, I am bold to fay, at one or two folitary Bed-fides: and it came to pass, at all Events, that he was strengthened to go through his next Examination, with young Hunter and the Rest, in Paul's Confiftory, five Days after Rogers was burned. The Lad Hunter, who flood by his Brother to the Last, heard all five Prisoners condemned to die by Bonner.

Feb. ix.

Thereon, Mistress Fraunces and I went, under Shadow of Evening, to Tomkins' Wife. She was in strong Fits, with sundry poor Women about her; and, leaving Mistress Fraunces to add to their tender Ministrations,

I went on to Newgate, if haply Master Hewet's Name might still serve me to have Access to my poor Friend. Directly I saw him I knew by the mild, steady Light in his Eye, that his Courage was fafe! "Ned," quod he, "I was given over a little While unto Dark-"ness, just to let me feel that the Strength "within me was none of mine; but now, "my Friend hath come back to me, and I "rejoice in his Light! Soon we shall be "eternally together; and oh! how much we "fhall have to tell and to hear. Little will "it matter then whether my Ashes were "fcattered to the four Winds, or collected "in a stone Jug like a Roman's. Direct poor "Dinah to the feventy-feventh Pfalm; I "know it will comfort her. Dear Master "Hewet will keep her from Want; and she "will prefently retire to her Friends in the "Country. So, thou feeft, I have no Fear "for Temporalities! Look! she hath made "me this long white Shirt to wear to-"morrow; my Wedding-garment, I call it. "Tell her every Stitch she set in it evi-"denced

"Lord, when saw we thee in Prison, and came unto thee?" " Pear none of those Things which thoushalt suffer: be thou faithful untoDeath, and I will give thee  $\alpha$ Crown of

Life."

"denced her Faith, as every Blow where"with Abraham clave the Fagots whereon
"to offer his Son, proved his. And a lighter
"Sacrifice is exacted of her, for fhe hath
"not to flay me, only to refign me. And
"now, good fpeed, good Ned.... Don't
"be at Smithfield to-morrow, only ftand by
"the Way as I go along... thou haft rifked
"too much for me already."

In Sooth I ne'er thought twice of the Risk; but I doubted whether what he could bear to feel, I could bear to fee. I stood over against the Door as he came forth; our Eyes met; and in a Tone that had Somewhat of Musicalness in it that searched and sank into the very Heart, he sayth, "The Night is far "spent, Lad! the Day is at Hand!"

Those Token-words drew me irresistibly after him. I felt no Fear, no Horror just then; only that our two Souls clave together, and that mine must keep near his till 'twas caught up. So I kept a little in advance, and eyed him now and then, that he might just see I stood by him; and I think it gave

him

him Pleasure, for I once heard him fay, "The "Presence of a Friend, that cleaveth to us "unto Death, how good is it!"

1555.

But Martyrs were forbidden to make long Speeches on Pain of having their Tongues cut out; and indeed, their Constancy preached enow. Wherefore this was the last Word I heard from his Lips, for he feemed entirely addressing himself to another Friend, whom we could neither hear nor fee. And, when he got to the Place, I faw him put his Arms affectionately about the Stake and kiss it, (they all did that,) and then lay afide his poor Weaver's Garments, prison-worn and tattered, and put on what feemed indeed the white Robe of Immortality, and then stand firm while they put the Chain about his Waist. Just then a Man pushed rudely past me with a Fagot; and there was a Rush and a Press of New-comers that jostled me from my Place, and wanted to feed their greedy Appetites with a good Man's Pain, as if 'twere a mere Show. I pushed at them again, and struggled forward, amid Blows and

## The Colloquies

1555.

and Reviling, and gat Sight of a Puff of Smoke, and a bright Flame leaping up. Juft then, the Sun, breaking forth from a flormy Cloud, fhone full upon his Face, which, looking upward with a joyous Smile, feemed transfigured by it. I could fee no more . . . . mine Eyes were blinded, my Throat choked. I pushed my Way through the Crowd and went Home to pray for—myselr, not for him!



## XII.

A Snake among ye Flowers.

I can give thee, Hew, no very connected Account of the Rest of that Season... One Horror followed another—the Land was full of Blood, and Fire, and Vapour of Smoke. We went softly, and lived gloomy, and wretched, and desolate.

Sometimes I wished my Turn would come: then, dreaded it. *Tomkins* was continually before mine Eyes. At last, I suppose I altered so, that Master *Hewet* sent me down to my Mother, to keep quiet awhile in the Country.

Oh! what Happiness that was! The Tears we then shed together had Healing in them; and soon, away from all hateful

When ye Wicked hold Rule, Truth may hide in ye Hay-Loft.

1555.

Osborne
halteth
between
two
Dangers.

Si me
perjuro,
horror
est intolerabilis
—si non
perjuro,
mors est
inevitabilis.

Sounds

Sounds and Sights, we gave over weeping altogether. My Mother, I found, had, in the first Instance, outwardly conformed—kissed Baal, in Fact; and then, like a good many other timid yet well-meaning Persons, found many Excuses to make for having so done, which yet failed to allay Self-disapprobation, and ended in Contrition and Resolutions of doing fo no more. She was favourably placed for the keeping of fuch Refolves; having moved out of Ashford, to a remote Countryfarm, too far from a Place of Worship for regular Attendance, wherefore the had fet a-foot a little Church within her House, that was ferved, under the Rofe, by a deprived Minister harbouring in the Neighbourhood. One of my younger Brothers, a goodly Lad, was at School; the other, a fickly Urchin, dwelt at Home, inactive but very happy.

So here I tarried, Thanks to good Mafter Hewet, till my Mind quite regained its Strength, as happy as a Rook on Sundays, as we fay in Kent. The Change was fo great, that my Abfence feemed much longer

than

than it really was. On my Return to London, as I rode along Kentstrete, my Heart seemed to fly forward to what, in Course of Years, had become my very Home. And, when we were all reunited beneath the fame Roof, and I had fallen into my old Courfe, with very little Interference with the World without, I shortly began to be ware of a deep, new, inward Source of Happiness, that for a While I neither could nor would understand. Whatever I did, wherever I went, the very Air I breathed feemed to have a Glow, and Sweetness, and Freshness in it, whether my Errand led me through the Skinners' Yards in Budgerow, or the Butchers' Stalls in Eastchepe; 'twas all the same!—let the Stretes be ringing with Noifes, there was a Song of Angels in my Head that made me deaf thereunto. And foon I was ware that this new Sweetness of Living, which was Serenity abroad, was Rapture at Home; and fo all-fatisfying was it, that I took no Care for the Morrow, nor aspired for Aught I had not, but only coveted to go on just as I was.

Mafter

Master Hewet, about this Time, was full content with me, and reposed in me more and more Truft. Whereby I became aware that his Ventures were becoming more important, his Connexions more extended, his Credit higher, his Gains greater; and yet, withal, no Abatement of his old Rule of Simplicity and Plainness; unless with regard to Mistress Anne. No Money was in Sooth spared on her for Teaching or Dreffing: her Chambers for Night and Day had, I believe, every Adornment that Money and Tafte could procure: if her Ornaments were few, it was rather that fhe did not affect wearing many, than that there was Anything her Eye coveted that her Father would not buy for her. But she was one whom Indulgence could not spoil. Money, of which she had ample Allowance from an early Age, (it being one of Mafter Hewet's fage Maxims, that Children should be irresponsible Controulers of some regular Stipend, however small, to teach them Selfdenial, Liberality, and Charity,) her Money, I fay, was freely expended upon others, and employed

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employed in gratifying many an innocent Tafte for Flowers, Birds, and fuch-like. Thus it fell, that I was now and then made Party to fome little Mystery that gave me Pleasure fhe wift not fhe was bestowing, for I am perfuaded she was at this Time living chiefly in a little Dream-land of her own, peopled with none but good Spirits and fair Prospects. It was, "Osborne, dost thou care to favour me so "much as to step down to the Blanche Chapel-"ton, and flip this into the Hand of the poor "Bafket-maker whose House was burned "down last Night?"—or, "Edward, I want "to buy my Father an Inkstand I have seen "in Lymestrete: 'tis of rare Fancy, and, I "think, a real Antique—a Hare in her Form, "made of fome gloffy, brown Substance; and "between the Hare's Ears is the Mouth of "the Inkstand.—The Shop looks not like one "I should care to enter; but 'tis over-against "the Green-gate of Miguel Piftoy. Mind "not the Price; but fee thou tell not even " Damaris."

Now, though Mafter Hewet fo liberally fupplied

fupplied her Privy-purse, there were certain Household Expenses he made her reckon to a Penny; and, if she were at Fault, she had to make it good. 'Twas pretty, and diverting, to hear these two sometimes arguing together over their Account-book: for Mistress Anne was not a ready Reckoner, and he would by no means be put off with a Quip. One Day, they were counting out their Money, when he said, "Ned, this young Gentlewoman can "never attain to a competent Knowledge of "Figures. I'll give thee a Couple of Angels "to carry her on into Practice, for I shall save "Money i' the End."

So when he is gone, I fay, "Come, Mif"trefs, the Bribe is very high . . . . where
"fhall we begin? I fuppose 'twill shame you
"to be put too far back."

"I hardly know what will be too far back," faith the, rougeing a little—"My Father fayeth "I have done this wrong—" and the gives me a little Slip of Paper, infcribed with the neatest, prettiest little Figures.

"Good, now!" faid I, "the only Mistake herein

- "herein is,—you have effayed to fubtract the greater Number from the lefs; which you know can never be."
- "Yes, it can be, fometimes," fayth fhe, quickly.
  - "Never!" fay I. "How?"
- "Take v from IV and I remains," quod fhe. So I laughed, and told her many a Spendthrift would like that Reckoning.
- "Well," faid I, "I fuppose you defire not to begin with Enumeration."
- "Since your Time is fo valuable," fayth fhe, "you need not teach me at all."
- "Nay, Miftrefs," fay I, "count a Million, "if you will! I can tarry."
  - "How long will that take me?" quod she.
- "Why," fay I, "if you count a Hundred a "Minute, that is, fix Thousand in an Hour,
- "and count at that Rate for fourteen Hours
- "in the twenty-four, you may in twelve Days
- "count a Million."
- "Hold, hold!" cries she, "you will make "me puzzle-headed for a Week!" and so; runs off.

Next

Next Time I faw her alone, I fay, "Well, Mistress, are you in the Humour for "Practice?"

"No," quoth fhe, with Decision, "I know "Figures already!" And commenced tinkling on her Virginals. So, there an End.... or might ha' been, were any Woman two Days o' the same Mind. But, shortly, she cometh to me with a Tear in her Eye.

"Ned," fayth fhe, "what's to be done? I
"gave all the Money in my Purse (there
"wasn't much,) to the Girdler's Widow, hard
"by St. Anne in the Willows; and now, I
"can't make up my Father's Accounts, and
"shall seem unto him a Defaulter."

"Or be one . . . which?" quod I. "What" is to do?"

"What can I do?" returns fhe.

"Marry," fay I, "I can lend you the "Money."

"Nay," quoth fhe quickly, "it would not be right in the to take it."

"You have Reason," fay I. "It would "not."

"Then

"Then what remaineth?" fhe faid.

"Honesty afore Charity," I made Answer.

"You must ask Master Hewet to deduct it

"from your next Quarterage, and henceforth

"give not away his Money when you have

"fpent your own."

"He would never have grutched it!" cries fhe, kindling.

"Forfooth, then, all's faid," quod I, and turned to go.

"Ned! stop," cries she, "how canst thou be

"fo ill-natured?" and began to cry a little.

"Why did you not, the other Day, as my

"Father bade you, put me on fome better

"Method with my Accounts?"

"Why," faid I, "I was about to try, when

"you started off like a young Deer from a

"Gad-fly."

"Well," fayth she, "run this up for me, at

"all Events, and fee if there be any Error in

"the Sum-total . . . I shall be grateful to you

"either Way."

So I began,—"To Groceries, four-and-four-"pence."...

" Four

N

178	The Colloquies		
1555.	"Four-and-fourpence!" cries she,—"Four		
	"Pound four!"		
	"'Tis here plainly fet down," fay I, "a "four-and-fourpence." "Oh, charming!" cries fhe, "then all" "ftraight!" And, catching the Paper from mine Hand		
	fhe goes off with it, and I fee no more of her		
	nor her Accounts.		
	Only, about a Month after, Master Hewet		
	fays, "Well, Ned, I have not paid thee thy "two Angels!"  "I have not earned them, Sir," I fay; "Miftrefs Anne will none of my teaching."  "In Faith, then, fhe has schooled herself to		
	"fome Purpose," sayth he, smiling; "for she		
	"is ready enough now, both at Proportion and		
	"Practice. What a whimfical young Lass		
	"it is!"		
	In Fact she had, as about this Time, that		
	Necessity for Application to practical Affairs which makes many Women good Reckoners,		
	whether they have a natural Turn for it or no.		
	For Miftress Fraunces's Health failing her a		
	little,		

little, Mistress Anne undertook the Conduct of the Household, which the other as readily yielded unto her, witting that the Pratique would do her good. So she went about, demurely, with the Keys, measuring this and weighing that, and fetting down Everything in a little Book at her Girdle. 'Twas a Lesson to see her Tendance, in all duteous Affectuousness, on good Mistress Fraunces, who indeed merited of her the Love of a Daughter, and whom she soon nursed well. Mistress Fraunces, always very soft-hearted, told me I should find she had not forgotten my Care of her, in her Will. Howbeit, I was thankful no Occasion came of opening it.

On my Birthday, Mistress Anne came to me smiling, with her Hands behind her, and said, "Which Hand will you have?"

I regarded her earnestly, and faid, "The "right Hand, Mistress."

"Oh, miserable Choice!" cried she, laughing, and throwing me a worn Glove of her own; "hadst thou said, 'Left,' thou shouldest

"have

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1555.

"have had this brave new Pair of scented "Gloves!"

I faid, "I'm content," and took up the cast Glove with Pleasure.

"Well," fayth fhe, "you are too indifferent by half about your Blunder—howbeit, here they are for you; I bought them of Purpofe."

So I bowed reverently and took them in my Hand; but, when she was gone, I put the other in my Bosom.

Another Time, I was arranging a Sun-shade for Mistress Fraunces, in the blue-buckram Chamber, when Mistress Anne calleth me into the Balcony to look at some sunset Clouds, which she likened unto an Oliphant with a Princess on its Back, and to Armies and Fairy Palaces and such-like, till I told her if she span any more of her gold Cobwebs about me, I should be unable to leave the Balcony. Without heeding me, she giveth a great Sigh, and says, "There's one Thing I should like, "that I know my Father would forbid. "Pshaw, Ned! thou needs not look so sur-"prise-stricken!

I 555.

"prife-stricken! 'tis but to have my Fortune told, by a real Fortune-teller."

"And fo double your Sorrows, and deaden "your Pleafures, Miftrefs?" fay I. "Ah, no, "'tis bad tampering with unlawful Quefts."

And then I told her a Tale current in the Part of the Country I came from, of a Lady who would dabble in Things fupernal; and how her Fore-knowledge, actual or phanfied, bred in her such Impatience of her present Lot and Greediness for Things to come, as to lead her to Poison her Husband. And how the Grass would ne'er grow over his Body, but left the exact Outline of it, Arms, Legs, Feet, Hands, traced out a-top of his Grave; as may be feen this Day: and how fhe, a likely and well-favoured Woman, finding herfelf viewed askance by all, albeit no Crime could be proven against her, did call on Heaven to make her as thin as a Willow-wand if she had any hidden Guilt upon her Soul; and how from that felf-same Day she peaked and pined, dwindled, and fell away, till there was no Substance, so to speak, in her; for a Child might

might ha' carried her, she was the Lightness of one of Mistress Anne's satin Slippers.

At the End of this Tale, Miftress Anne drew a deep Breath, and, sayth she, "Ned, thou "wast always a marvellous Recounter!—Tell "me another Tale, as moving as the last." So I told her another and another, till the Stars began to come out; and a Singer in a Boat lying a little Way off, began to sing—

- "What though thine Eyes be like the Sun,
- "That lights up all he looks upon—"

"Whose can those be?" quod she. "Aye! "whose, indeed?" faid I. But I thought I knew.—Thus, in honeyed Sweetness, lapsed Day after Day.

But it came to an End. I found at last, whether I would shut mine Eyes or no, whether I would give Ear or seign Dullness, that I was seeing, hearing Nothing but Mistress Anne. At first, I would not attend to this; then said (in Answer to Something), "What "Harm?" But yet Something answered back again, There is Harm. Then quod I,

To

To whom? There is none, nor never shall be to any fave myself, and the only Harm to me is the Pain; and if the Pain is a Pleafure, or I choose to bear it and count it as such, where's the Harm and where's the Wrong?

But the Pleasure was gone. At least, there was fo much Pain overlying it, that it was crushed down and smothered, and struggling to get free of its Burthen. Then I asked myfelf what this was about, and whither could it tend, and what had I loft that I had had before, that made me feem a different Ned Ofborne? Also, why did I bring Shame on myself, and bring Master Hewet's keen Obfervance on me by fuch and fuch a Blunder in my daily Charge? Was his Eye altering towards me? Would it not needs alter, did he wit the foolish, impossible Things I spent the best (the worst) of my Time in dreaming of? Oh! my Heart would not bear it! There was Something eating its Way into my Soul, as a Weevil gnaws its Way into a Garner.

Nessun piacer, nessun pace, quando il cuore non ha pare nel suo stes-

—No, this could not go on. I thought over it and took my Part; and after watching and letting flip many Opportunities, I at length, in Desperation, took the very first that came next, and stood beside Master Hewet at his Desk, when I wist that no Other was, or would soon be, within Earshot; and said, "Master, I must go."

"Whither, Lad?" quod he, furprifed, yet kindly,—"on fome Errand of thine own "about the Town?"

I tried to get back my Voice, it faltered so!—and faid, "Away . . . away from here!"

"Art ill?" quod he, laying down his Pen, and fuddenly looking full at me. "Doft "thou want to go for a While into the "Country?"

"No," I faid, "I must go seek another "Service."

"Another Service!" repeated he, with a yet more piercing Look.—"This is strange "... and sudden! We thought you were so "happy!"

"I was," faid I. "Only—"

"Only

"Only what?" And he waited: but I fpake never a Word mo.

"I fee how it is!" cried he, fuddenly growing red, "Master Groggett hath tempted "thee away from me, with Promise of higher "Salary. Pitiful Fellow! I wot he hath "long envied me a faithful Servant. 'Tis "against our Company's Ordinance, to tempt "a Man from his Master! Go, however, "fince thou wilt, ungrateful Youth!—thy "Fidelity hath been undermined; thou hast "never apprized our Kindness; hast never "loved us!"

This unloofed my Tongue, and I faid, "I "have felt, if I have not deferved your Kind-"nefs, Mafter *Hewet*. No one hath tempted, "nor could tempt me away, and I but feek "to go for that I love you e'en too well."

- "How can you love us too well?" quod he distrustfully.
  - -" One of you," I faid, faltering.
- "Anne?" cried he. And faw it in my Face.
  - -" Well, Lad," quod he, fofter, "no Need

- "to blush scarlet, nor weep, where no Shame "lieth. That would be in not loving her, "I think. You may love too much—you "can't love too well."
- "Too well for my Peace!" quod I, turning my Head away—"You had better let "me go!"
- "Well, I think not,' quod he, after a Pause of some Length. "Go to what? To "another House, where Everything will be
- "worse for thee, save that Anne will be
- "not only out of Reach, but out of Sight.
- "You must perforce conquer yourself then,
- "you know. Try to conquer yourfelf now."
- "I don't think I can," I faid, fo huskily, that he made me repeat it twice.
- "You meant to try, I suppose," quod he, "when you spake of going away."
  - "Yes, Master."
- "Well, try here for a little While, that
- "I may think where to place you. Ned!-
- "I have had fome Trial of thee; I have
- "tested thee, and I have trusted thee. Don't
- "betray my Trust in this Matter."

I faid, "I will not."

"And do thou," quod he, with all his old Kindness, "trust in me. I shall do what, "on Deliberation, I think best for you. And "ftay thyself with this Reslection; that if "thou wert the first Noble in the Land "fueing for my Daughter, I would not, in "these her so early Days, give her to thee. "Keep a brave, honest Heart, and take "Things quietly. You have not been such "a Knave as to speak to her?"

"No, Master."

"Your Word is enough," quod he, and left me. I put my Head down on my Arms and shed hot Tears that had no Relief in them. Just then I felt a kind Hand laid with strong emphatic Pressure on my Shoulder. I kissed it, in Sign of Reverence and good Faith: he understood it for such, and left me without a Word. And I went on mine Affairs with a lightened Heart.

1555.

## XIII.

Master Hewet ordereth Things discretely.

1555. Oct.

1556. April.

Chi sa vincer suo stesso, sa conquistare ogni altra cosa.

Absence fanneth a great Fire, and bloweth a little one out.

Two Days after this, Mafter Hewet sent me to Antwerp. I abode there six Months transacting his Affairs. There was much to learn, much to see. When I returned Home, it was with a strong Heart. Directly I saw Mistress Anne, I felt that I loved her as much as ever; but I also felt that I could rule myself. She cried, "Oh, Osborne, thou art returned at "last! How glad I am!" with her dear, innocent Eyes sixed brightly on mine; and forthwith began to tell me that one of her Dormice had died, and to ask me to get her another. I told her I had brought her a Guinea-pig; she thanked me, but said she

did

did not think fhe should like it as much as the Dormouse.

I found that fome Change in Household Arrangements had been made in mine Abfence, whereby my old Quarters were preoccupied; and that Master Hewet had taken a Lodging for me at the Barbitonsor's over the Way; where, in Sooth, both Master Soper and the young Women failed not in Aught that should be for my Comfort, and at very reasonable Charges. Howbeit an Alarm of Housebreakers soon recalled me to mine old Post again, save that I had the Attick in Place of the Lost; every Woman in the House thinking it safe with me and unsafe without me. And Master Hewet said I made the old Place look more like itself.

Now, mark me, Hew! Thus went I on for three whole Years, and ne'er once lost Hold of my Stay. What Man hath done, Man may do. I was not like one working on Hope, for I had had none given me. I fay not that I was always borne up to Highwate Mark. Questionless, there were daily

Ebbs

Ebbs and Flows; and ever and anon, a mighty, powerful, rushing Wind would come, and drive back the Current on an Heap, leaving bare the stony Channel; till after a While, with strong Recoil, it came hurrying back, ready to sweep all before it. But, I never let go the Rope! Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it. Deep might call hoarsely unto Deep, but not prevail . . . .

So a me medesimo soprastare.

Speak as if I felt it? Why, I do! I am an oldish Man now, at least you think me not over young; but there are some good and pure Feelings, Lad, thou wilt never become dull to, so long as thou keepest thy Heart with all Diligence. And the best of it is, that whilst those Feelings, so far as they were pleasant, are pleasant still, the Pains, then so bitter, that came from keeping down all that was wrong with a strong Hand, are now Pleasures too!—that are recalled over and over again: when, maybe, we seem cogitating or dozing. Give me thy Hand, Lad: I see you believe me.

were, I fancy, often thinking at the fame Time of the fame Matter; but thereof spake we none. I was not watched; neither did he make a Shew of not watching me: only gave me daily Proofs of a deepening and enlarging Confidence. I heard him say one Day to one of his fellow Aldermen, ere the Door was well closed behind me, "It "were a poor Word, Master Bowyer, to say "I could trust that young Man with untold "Gold."

But those Ebbs and Flows I spake of . . . . fometimes they arose from mine own unmanageable Thoughts, I wist not why nor wherefore; sometimes from the Approach of this or that Suitor . . . . for, towards the End of the Term I named, there were full many, I promise you; though, for the most Part, not dangerous ones: sometimes from Mistress Anne herself, who began to have her Ebbs and Flows too, both of Spirits and Temper; and who, when some of her Suitors, more unpleasing unto her than the Rest.

Reft, did make Suit to her with Over-boldnefs, would become pettifh and captious, not only with them, but with me and with every one elfe.

In one of these little Humours, she accused me of being less regardful of pleasing her than any one in the House: I would do Nothing for her. I faid there was Nothing I would not do. She faid that was fine Talking. I faid, Would she prove me? She was leaning over the Balcony at the Time; and, looking down therefrom, faid, Would I bring her that yellow Fumitory that grew in the Cleft of the Bridge-buttress? I looked at it and then at her, and faid gravely, it could not be done without imperilling of Life, but that if she bade me, I would try. She faid, turning red as fhe fpake, she did Then I faid I would take my bid me. Reward beforehand, as I might not be fortunate enough to come back. And kiffed her Hand, and the fame Instant was over the Parapet. She cries, "Oh, Edward, "ftay!" and gives a Scream that rings through

through my Ears and makes People look forth of their Casements. I was hanging by my two Hands to the Ballusters, seeking some Ledge for my Foot; but, seeing her white Face, and knowing she had sent me on a finfully reckless Errand, I, without more Ado, gave a sudden Spring back into the Balcony. She meanwhile, in the Buckramchamber, had hidden her Face in her Hands, and was weeping bitterly. I was never so near losing Command of myself as at that Time.

'Twould amuse thee—it amuses me—to pass in Review all her Suitors of that Season. There was Master Bolsover, the Merchanttailor—young Bowes, the Goldsmith, Son of Sir Martin—Guy Burrell, the Cloth-worker;—pretty near all the great Companies, except the Fishmongers', had their Representative, I think.—Then, for the Court, there were Ralph de Cobham, a Spendthrist, Lancelyn Ferrars, and a fixth Cousin of the Percies. These all came and went, like Players in a Droll.

Meantime,

Meantime, I came and went, too; . . . . to Leeds, to Halifax, to Norwich, to Stratford; and again to Cales, Abbeville, and Antwerp. Mafter Hewet supplied me with plenty of Money, and kept me abroad longer than before. I had Time to look at Pictures and Churches, and to learn to speak the Tongues of the Countries I abode in with some Fluency. I had Introductions to Merchants of the Staple, among whom were Men as friendly and enlightened as any I ever knew.

1559.

When I learned that Queen Mary had deceased, and that our gracious Lady Elizabeth was set on the Throne in her Stead, I thought it hard to be still kept from Home, where Terror and Tears had now given Place to Joy and Gladness. Howbeit, Master Hewet would still keep me abroad, on some Affairs that seemed of less Moment to me than they did to him.

I fet my Face towards England at last, with a greater Longing for Home than I had ever had before. That Home was now changed: Master Hewet had removed into

a goodly Mansion in *Philpot Lane*, fit for a Merchant Prince, and plainly yet nobly furnished. His Household was also increased by the Addition of several new Servants; but the House on the Bridge was still his House of Business.

I know not when I had fo defired to fee his Face, and to breathe the same Air with Miffres Anne. I hastened to Philpot Lane, and the first Sound I heard on entering the House, was of a Lute, rarely touched. I stood at Pause, and listened with Rapture. I thought, Oh, what heaven-like Sounds! how fweet an Air! how greatly hath she improved! when, of a fudden, the Prelude, for 'twas no more, was fucceeded by a lovefick Ballad, fung by a Man's mellow Voice! Oh, my Heart feemed to leap to my Lips, fo great was the Revulsion. I staggered as though I was shrew-struck; and leaning against the Wall, tried to deafen my Ears to the hateful Sound. How all the fweet Chords feemed jangled! Who was the Singer? and what was his Footing here?

While

While I put to myself these bootless Questions, the Door at the Stair-head opened, Voices spake Farewell, some one came forth, a light Foot ran down the Stair, and, or ever I was aware, or could move off, a very young Man, habited in russet Damask and blue embroidered Satin, handsome and of lordly Bearing, nearly ran over me. Looking forth of the House-door, he turned about again and said to me abruptly, "Canst tell me "where are my People?"

I made Answer, "I know not your People's Liveries, my Lord, (for I felt assured he was a Nobleman,) "but I saw a Party of Men "in watchet Coats, with a spotted Dog on "their Badges, at the Lane-end."

"All right," quod he, and proffered me a Piece of Money with a good-natured Air; but I drew back, on which he looked furprifed, gave me a fecond Look, flightly bent his Head, and went forth.

I saw he had offered me a Gift, mistaking my Degree; but what I could not help chiefly noting was, the exceeding smallness

of the Coin. I marvelled fo fine a young Gentleman could proffer fo mean a Gift. "Ah," thought I, "'tis the City Wealth "brings these Gallants so far east. A Bag "of Gold would be as welcome to them "tied round the Neck of *Damaris* as of sweet "Mistress Anne. 'Tis for their own Ends they "hawk low, like a Swift for a Dragon-fly."

Then I leaned against the Wall for a Moment, and said within myself, "O God, "I have Everything that is dear to me at "Stake. However my Patience may be "tried, yet make me patient, I beseech "thee: I know it is the Thing of all others "in which I am most to seek; yet let me, "at this Time, struggle with myself not in "vain, O Lord!"

Then I ran nimbly up-stairs, into the pleafant Summer-chamber the young Lord had just left. Therein found I Mistress Anne, hanging in a thoughtful Posture over a Posy of rare Flowers on the Table. Starting when she saw me, she said, "Oh, Osborne, is it "you?" and blushed.

I flood at Paule, without a Word to proffer. Quod fhe, "I am glad thou art fafe returned "—haft thou feen my Father?" I faid, "No, Mistress. Have you fared quite well "fince I left?" She fayth, "Quite well." Then I faid, "What rare Flowers! shall I "bring you fome Water for them?" "No," quod fhe careleffly, "they are scarce worth "the keeping." "Scarce worth the keep-"ing!" quod I, "nay, they are not fuch "as are to be bought in a London Herb-"market . . . . Divers of them, these Coro-"nations for Example, must have come from "far." "They all come from far," quod fhe, "but what of that? I like them none "the better." And commenced pulling a Gilly-flower to Pieces. I faid, "I am glad "I am not that Gilly-flower." She fayth, "Why?" But I made no Answer, for how witted I that I was any better prized? I came from far, too! So I turned to go; and just as I gained the Door, I heard her foftly fay, "Edward!" Then I flayed. She fayth, "You will find my Father in his Closet;"

and

and so passed me with the Flowers in her Hand; and I saw that her Eyes were full of Tears ready to shed. When she was gone, I went back and took up some of the Gilly-flower Leaves she had scattered, and kissed them. Just then enters Master Hewet from his Closet beyond, wherein he might ha' heard every Word had been said; but there was Nought to be shamed of, if he did.

He fayth, "Ned! I am glad to fee thee, "Lad! How well thou look'ft! And yet, "now I observe thee more narrowly, thou "look'ft amis. Hath Aught gone wrong? "Nay then, that's well. Methinks, with "thine Allowance, thou mightest go a little "braver; which is what few young Men "need the egging on to . . . . and yet thou "gracest whatsoe'er thou hast on."

Then he told me what he called the grand News of the Day—my Lord Talbot's Suit to Miftress Anne. I said, "Oh! Master, don't "kill me!" and hid my Face in my Hands. He sayth, "Why, Ned, whom am I saving her "for, but you? Look up, Boy! He that did "save

"fave, the fame shall have! I have but one "Child, and I mean to make her happy. But "mark me, Ned, I wot not whether that is to be done by giving her unto mine adopted "Son; nor, peradventure, art thou any more affured of it. Woo her then, Lad, with my free Consent, but tell her not just yet, that "thou hast it. My Fancy—a strange one, "maybe—is to see what she will in that "Case do."

I knelt, and caught his Hand to my Lips.

"Thy Father's own Son," quod he, fmiling:

"he had the darker Beard, thou hast the better Eye. Thou art a Gentleman's Son, and I am no more. Start fair with the young Lord; he dines with me to-day, and fo shalt thou. And now, be off with thee."

I paffed forth into the Stretes, not heeding in what Direction, for my Brain was a-fire, and I wanted to quiet it and to think over many Things—no Place for Solitariness like the Stretes! Then I returned to my old Quarters on the Bridge, and looked out a Suit

I had bought and worn once at Antwerp, but

had thought almost too fine for Home, albe but little garnished . . . . to wit, of murray-colour, overlaid with a good silk Lace; and a *Mechlin* Edge and Tassels to my Bands. Thought I, peradventure the 'Prentice in his blue Gown had most reason to be proud of his Favour. . . . she kissed me then, when she could scarce hold on by my Hair, 'twas so short; and now it might wind twice round

her Finger. . . . Then I went across to Master

Soper, and quod I, "Now, Master Tonsor,

"thou must trim me for a Feast; but, mark

"me, mine Hair was cut last in Flanders,

"where they trim the Hair little and the

"Beard close; fo follow the Lead and keep

"the foreign Fashion, and I'll give thee

"Two-pence."

1559.

Edward studyeth his Looks,

"Marry come up," muttered he, "what "Airs these Youngsters bring from over "Seas!" And I felt I was in his power, and that one malicious snip might put me past Redress; howbeit, he stayed himself with less Work, more Pay, and acquitted himself hand-

and affronteth ye Barbitonsor.

"Ah, s'avess'io le mani dentro i capelli!"

fomely.

fomely. Then I took my Flemish Beaver, and my new Cloke across my Arm, and fallied forth; and chancing to look back, was avised of Tryphena and Tryphosa leaning forth of their upper Casement to look after me. Being caught at which, they disappeared.

As I entered the House, I heard Mistress Fraunces fay to Damaris, "Be fure they spoil "not the Mortreuse," which avised me we were to have state. Howbeit, there was a rich plainness in Everything; the parcel-gilt double Salt-cellar and chased Flagons alone calling Attention to their Coft. And though Everything fet on Table was far-fetched and of the best, exceeding the Tables of the best Merchants in Antwerp, we had not too much nor too many of any Thing. I could not note that Mistress Anne had made any Difference for my Lord—a few Strings of Pearls were warped into her Hair, and she ware her moufe-coloured Velvet, which she never thought too fine, with or without Company; but no Pofy. Two Men with Talbot Badges helped Master Hewet's Men to wait; my Lord

Lord fate next Mistress Anne, and I over against them. As we took our Places, he seemed to remember my Face, and to be surprised at my sitting down with him; which Master Hewet noting, in a certain haughtiness in his Air, he sayth, "Mine adopted Son, my Lord, and the "Son of mine earliest Friend... We are all "plain People, but the Osbornes as good as "any here sitting, saving your Lordship's "Presence." Whereon, my Lord, recovering, pledged me.

Now, Miftres Fraunces was so abashed at entertaining an Earl's Son, as that she lost all her natural Easiness, and could bethink her of Nothing to say but to ask him, ever and anon, whether he liked what he ate, which he professed to do once and again, though I believe he scarce marked the Difference of one Dish from another. For the first Time, I learned what the fair Speech of Lordlings to Ladies is made of . . . . it seemed to me rather a slimsy Stuff, Warp and Woof; over-stretched and loose-wove. Then Master Hewet, to leave him and Anne to themselves, kept up a Bytalk

talk with me about Flanders; drawing forth of me not fo much about the Staple as about the Country, Towns, Rivers, Houses, Churches, and People. I had been to Nürnberg, and could tell him of the mighty Works of Genius produced by the Artists of the free Imperial City, and of the Wealth and Splendour of its Merchants. Miftres Fraunces was afterwards pleased to say I took the Colour out of the young Lord: what she intended thereby I never clearly made out—peradventure, being a Woman, fhe meant I was brown and red, and he pink and white; for indeed I was fore funburned. For good Looks, there was no Fault to find in my Lord: he had that Eafiness of Carriage and Manner which I think none but young Lords have. He took not much upon him, confidering what he was and with whom; and, for the Rest, he was pleasant, but not bright. His Hands were womanish for Softness, and I heard from Damaris, who had it from his Men, that one Reason thereof was, he never washed them in cold Water, only dabbed them a little with

with a foft Napkin. Methought, rather than that, I would choose my Hands of a little coarser Grain. I think he parleyed for a Quarter of an Hour on the Christian Names of his Ancestry, how the Heads of his House had been alternately a Richard and a Gilbert, a Richard and a Gilbert, for I wot not how many Generations; and then how the name of George got in, and then of Frauncis, and how he was a George again . . . . flimsy Talk and tedious. Mistress Anne sate wondrous quiet, and once gave me, across the Table, such a Look! Methought if she were secretly amusing herself, I had no Need to be so jealous unto Death as I felt.

When my Lord took Leave, he, to my Surprife, invited me to attend him a little Way. I looked at him, to be affured there was no Miftake; and, feeing he awaited me, I followed; Mafter Hewet faying, as I departed, "Fail not to look in on us as thou "returneft." In the open Air, my Lord and I walked awhile without fpeaking, by Reason of the People we met; but, proceeding to

A Turn in Paul's Walk.

a fide Aisle of *Paul's*, he spake to me of this and that; I following his Lead, and leaving him to start his Subject.

At length, quod he, "Mafter Hewet lives "quietly . . . they that fave most, shew least; "ha, Mafter Osborne?" I coolly replied, "My Lord, it may be fo."—"A rich Man," purfued he, "like a Prophet, may have "least Honour in his own Strete, and his "own House. Why, now, there may be "many crofs daily his Threshold and have "Speech of him on ordinary Affairs, that "wot not he, for as homely as he is, hath "fix thousand Pounds by the Year . . . . "am I within the Mark, Mafter Ofborne?" "Marry, my Lord," quod I, "your honour-"able Lordship seemeth to know much more "of the Secrets of his strong Box than I do. "I never yet asked of him what it held, nor "never was told." "That may be true," quod he, "and yet you may guess."—"But "I never did guess," interrupted I; "I know "him for rich, and liberal, and of high Credit "at Home and Abroad, and that is all." "You

"You would furprife me," quod my Lord, "unless it were clear to me that you resent "my Freedom with you in this Matter." "On my Faith, my Lord," quod I, "I re-"fent Nothing. I may know the Amount "and Success of this or that Venture of "Mafter Hewet's, without having any Key "to the Sum total of his Wealth; but what-"ever came to my Knowledge, whether by "Chance, by Confidence, or in the Way of "Bufiness, it is certain I should keep locked "in my Heart as faithfully as his Trade "Secrets what time I was his 'Prentice." "Nay, you are a good and honest Heart," quod my Lord. "Be as honourable to me "as to him, I befeech you, and fay Nothing "that shall minish me in his good Liking." "Why should I, my good Lord?" quod I, "our Paths lie wide enough afunder." "Aye, "but you have his Ear," quod he, "in the "Way of daily Bufiness, and he spake of you "as his adopted Son. If you are as a Son "unto him, his Daughter is unto you as a "Sifter, and you may do a good Turn for " me

"me, peradventure, with fair Mistress Anne." "My Lord," quod I, "we are on quite a "different Footing from what you suppose, "and your Suit would gain no better Favour "from passing through my Hands." "Will "you try that?" quod he, fmiling. "Marry, "my Lord, why should you put it upon me?" quod I, "you are far better able to make "Suit for yourself . . . Earls' Sons do not "commonly feek in vain for fair Ladies' "Favour." "You will, at least, not be my "Foe?" quod he. "No, my Lord," quod I, "unless you give me greater Reason to "be than you have done yet: howbeit, I "marvel your Lordship should value my good " or ill Favour at a Pin's Purchase."

"Ah," quod he, after a Pause, during which we paced half the Length of the Aisle, "there be some Things that neither "Rank nor Money can buy; and I saw that "Mistress Anne had you in her Regard."—"Did you, my Lord?" cried I, "wherein "did she shew it?" But he was thinking of his own Matters rather than of mine, therefore

therefore only faid, "I could difcern it, and

"am affured of it; therefore be my good

"Friend, good Osborne, and speak a good

"Word for me when you can."

Then, taking a Ring off his Finger, he fayth, "I befeech you, accept this Ruby for "the Esteem I bear unto you...a mere

"Trifle, yet a good Stone, I affure you-nay,

"Sir, be not fo unkindly—'befeech you, for

"my Love."

I put it afide, faying, "In a Word, my "Lord, I cannot. Faith, it were well your "honourable Lordship would turn into an-

"other Aifle, for there is a Tailor behind

"yonder Pillar taking down the Particulars

"of your Apparel in his Note-book, which

"'twere Pity o' my Life, for the excellent

"Devifing thereof, should be copied and fold

"in a City Frippery."

He moved off with a Start and a Smile, replacing his Ring. At the fame Time we were accosted by one of those habitual Frequenters of Paul's Walk, that will fue your Charity first, and pick your Pocket afterwards.

My

My Lord affected first not to hear him, but seeing me feel for a Trifle to be quit of him, he sought his own Purse, which, not finding, he turned about in some Anxiety to his Men, who were some Way behind, and accosted them as soon as they came up, with "Here, "Cresswell, Jenkyn! I have lost my Purse,—"hie back, one of you, to Master Hewet's, "where, methinks, I dropped it." "My "Lord, I will return and aid in the Search," quod I, glad of an Excuse for ending so troublesome a Dialogue; albeit I thought it much more likely he had lost his Purse in the Place we were in, than dropped it at our House.

However, there I was wrong, for Damaris met us on our Return, faying, "Oh yes, here "is my Lord's Purfe," and gave it unto his Man. When she had watched him depart, "Twas hardly worth returning for," quod she, disdainfully, "there were but three "Nobles; and albeit the Purse had a Hole "in't, 'twas not big enow for a Penny-piece "to drop through. But, peradventure, he was "ashamed

An empty Head worse than an empty Purse.

"ashamed we should see it, so was anxious "to have it back." "There's no Shame in "Poverty, Damaris," quod I, "if we are not "proud with it."—"Nay, I know not," quod she, doubtfully; "folks always are ashamed "of it, that's certain."

In the withdrawing Chamber fate Mistress Anne, at her Needle, beside Master Hewet, in his great Chair. "Now then," thought I, "every good Angel be my speed! I be"lieve I can tell as well as most whether a
"Man be only setting himself to sleep, or
"verily and indeed sleeping; and I see that
"at this present, Master Hewet is truly and
"foundly asleep, but yet his being at his
"Daughter's Side gives me Freedom of Ac"cess unto her I should not in other Wise
"enjoy, and will now neither abuse nor
"neglect."

So, without a fecond Thought, and armed with my Possession of the Father's private Grace, I sate down overagainst her. She said, "So soon returned?" and began to question me of my Travel. Then my Tongue unloosed,

unloofed, and I told her how many fair Things I had feen, how many notable People and Places, yet how none of these had been able to damp for one Moment my Defire to be at Home, within Sight and Sound of her. As I went on, waxing more and more fluent, more and more passionate, so did her Colour wax deeper and deeper, until, with a Look of extreme Displeasure and Aversion, fhe faid, "Edward, thou art befide thyself! ".... pray let me never more hear fuch "foolish Talk as this—I had better Thoughts "of thee!" And arose to go. I arose too, and stayed her, and prayed her to forgive me if I had spoken Aught amis,—if she did not, I could have no Peace. She faid, "I cannot just now, I am wounded so "much;" and went away, with flushed Cheeks and Eyes full of Tears. Master Hewet was roused by her Departure, and, rubbing his Eyes, fmiled, and faid, "I "thought Anne had been here." "She is "but just gone," I made Answer; and the rest of the Evening was sad enough.

Next

Next Day, I had long Speech of Mafter Hewet, touching foreign Affairs. He told me of this and that Estate in Yorkshire he had been buying, in the Parishes of Wales and Hartshill, and of his minding to fend me down to fee them, if I were ready to ftart off again so soon. I said, "I am quite "ready, Sir." "Shortly thou shalt go, then," quod he. "And now take up these Letters "to Anne, for they concern her more than "me, being Thanks from fome of her poor "Penfioners." Adding, just as I was leaving, "Thou didst not make much way last Night, "Ned . . . . " and fmiled; which bewrayed to me that he had heard at least Part of what was faid; which I was mad with him for, and thought not fair.

And now I began to muse within myself what a provoking thing it was, that when all the Obstacles I had counted insurmountable between *Anne* and me had suddenly given Way, I should be brought up short by herself! Certes, an' she cared not for me, there was no more to be said, and Master

Hewet

Nothing gained by Self-conceit.

Hewet would in no Ways be to blame if he gave her to fomebody else; neither had I ever fought nor had she ever bestowed any fuch Tokens of especial and considerable Regard as should encourage me to suppose I had only to ask and have. And yet, I had fomehow always thought, "Only give "me my fair Chance with the Rest, and I "ask for nothing better." That was my Conceit and Presumption. Therefore with a very fad and forry Afpect did I carry up the Letters to Miftress Anne, and used as few Words as need be in the delivering of them. She, on her Part, was equally dry, and gave me no Pretence to tarry, and yet I lingered. Seeing which, and that I was about to fpeak, (though I protest, on Somewhat quite as trivial as the Weather,) she fuddenly coloured up very much, and faid, "Edward, if you "are going to talk any more Nonfense, "as you did last Night, I would rather go "away." "There's no need, Madam," faid I coolly, "I had not fuch a Thought in "my Head." On which she coloured still worse,

worse, and, sitting down again, began to read her Letters.

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Damaris now came in, and began to stitch away at a distant Window. "I have but "to say Farewell, Mistress Anne," quod I, "before I start on my next Journey." "So "foon again? where are you going?" quod she, without looking up from her Letters. "A rolling Stone gathers no Moss." (This was an unkind Cut, considering her own Father set me rolling.) "To Yorkshire," replied I, "and perhaps I had best say Fare-"well at once, for Lord Talbot is coming in "at the Gate."

"Oh then, Edward, stay!" cries she with all her old Frankness: starting up and dropping her Letters. As we both stooped to pick them up, I said, "I will, if you wish "it; but are you affured you know your "own Mind?" "Quite," said she very determinately, "so leave me not by any "Means."

Then cometh in my Lord, very brave, in blue Silk and Silver. How laughable it was,

if I could but have felt merry! Damaris, questionless, was laughing in her Sleeve. My Lord steps up to Mistress Anne, with eafy Affuredness, and touches with his Lips a very pretty Fabrick of Silk rayed with Silver, for the gave him a gloved Hand. Then he hoped she had rested better than he had, as in Sooth he faw by her divine Looks fhe must needs have done; and he marvelled not that Roses were at no Price to be had just now at Court, fince 'twas plain they found a more flourishing Soil in the City; and fo forth, like a Valentine, calling her Looks Nature's fweetest Books, her Treffes golden Meshes, her Voice Musick, her Favour Heaven, with Apostrophes to Venus and Cupid, and Affeverations that he was a Prey to a Mind delighting in Sorrow, Spirits wasted with Passion, a Heart torn in pieces with Care. To which she made Answer, that she hoped he overstated his ill Condition. To which he responded that if he did, 'twas error amoris, not amor erroris. With othermuch i' the same Vein, that he

cared

How a Lord makes Love.

cared no Whit for mine hearing, but rather enjoyed having another Listener while he ran off Phrases that it seemed to me he must needs have got by Heart. I thought, as she liketh not my Fashion, maybe she liketh this. Howbeit there was Nothing in her Favour to discover whether she did or no. So after a set Time given to this Court-like Parry and Thrust, this Quip and Compliment, whereby I wist not how a Man could suppose his Suit moved one Way or the other, my Lord takes leave with easy Grace, as a Man who had, in one Affair, transacted the Business of the Day to his Satisfaction.

So foon as he hath departed, Miftress Anne falls a laughing, when in cometh Master Hewet, looking somewhat harassed; seeing which, Damaris sweeps up her Work and departs, leaving us all with grave Faces.

"Nan," quoth Master Hewet, casting himfelf into his Arm-chair, "I must have a "few Words with thee of this Suitor of "thine."

"We are not alone, Father," interrupted

Miftress

How a Lady is taken at Vantage.

Mistress Anne, casting a quick, apprehensive Look towards me.

"Tilly-valley," he responded, "none other "is within Earshot of us but Ned Osborne, "who is only an alter ego."

"He may be thine, Father, but he is not "mine," quod Mistress Anne, somewhat captiously; "and I pray you to defer what you "have to say to me till we are by ourselves."

"Maiden, thou art over-hafty," quod Mafter Hewet, looking fixedly at her, "and, in "thy Fear of being over-civil unto one who has been unto thee as a Brother, and to "whom, moreover, thou oweft thy Life, art "fomewhat failing in good Manners."

Her Eye fank before his, and she submissively replied, "Well, then, Father, what is "it thou wouldest fay?"

"Just this," he returned, "whether Lord or Commoner, the Youth must have an "Answer, so soon as thou knowest thine own "Mind."

"I know it already," quod Mistress Anne, shortly.

" What

- "What is it?" fayth her Father. She faltered for a Moment,—"Not to have him," fhe replied, foftly.
- "Ned, thou haft thine Answer," quod Master Hewet.
  - "I, Sir?" quod I, starting.
- "Hear'ft thou not?" returned he, imperturbably, "thou haft it from herfelf. I told "thee I but fought to make my only Child happy,—you can't make her so, it seemeth, "—she won't have you."
- "Father! what are you faying?" cried Miftress Anne, trembling exceedingly.

He looked at her, but made no Answer.

- "Were you not," faid fhe, leaning over him breathleffly, her Dress vibrating with the quick beating of her Heart,—"were you "not making Question of Lord *Talbot?*"
- —"Lord Talbot? Lord MarlingSpike!" quod he, "my Thoughts were as far from "him as from the City Giants. Said I not "'this Suitor of thine?' Whom should I "think of but Ned Osborne?"
  - "You never told me before that I might!" quod

quod she, turning scarlet, and then bursting into Tears. I sprang towards her, but she brake away from me, and was gone in a Moment. Master Hewet leaned back in his Chair, and smiled. "Methinks, Ned," quod he, "the Day is thine, this Time." And, taking the Ring off his Finger that he had shown Lord Howard of Effingham on the Bridge, "See," quod he, "how long I have "destined her for thee!"

—Here 'tis, *Hew*—I always wear it now. Thou mark'ft the Pofy:—

"He that did fave, The fame shall have."

—Many a goodly Hereditament had I with her, too . . . the *Barking* Estate, and those *Yorkshire* Lands inclusive. The *Settings* of my Ring, Lad! no more—the Casket that went with my Treasure—the binding of my Book.

So now thou feeft how thou mayest wait a little longer for fair Mistress Joyeuse, without fuming and chasing, lest this Hurt, got

in a good Caufe, should lose thee thy Place among thy Rivals. Tut, Lad, 'twill only grace thee in her Eyes all the more! See how Things came round in my Case. I had not half thy good Favour, nor the Brightness that a Sword carrieth in a Woman's Eyes. "A plain Man, dwelling in Tents."... Nothing more!

Well, what remains to tell? We married, we were happy? Thou knowest it, and yet fayeft, "Go on." Anne and I were married early in the October of that Year; and on the 29th of that same Month, Master Hewet was chosen Lord Mayor of London, and knighted at Westminster. What a Pageant we got up for him! I was a young Husband, full of Spirits, and ready for Anything that came in my Way, Feafting or Fighting; in fpecial, then, to do Honour to him unto whom, under Heaven, I owed all earthly Good. So I took Council with the Masterrevellers; and, between us, we concocted as pretty a Subtlety as ever was devised! Don't laugh, Sirrah! 'you'd have thought it very fine.

fine. There was the Symbol of our Mystery, Golden Ram, ridden by a little Child, cherub-like for Beauty, followed by ruftical Shepherds and Shepherdesses with Pipes and Tabors, and flower-wreathed Crooks. Then came the Players of the Pageant, which was the Story of Apollo keeping the Flocks of Admetus, and helping him to win his fair Wife; all which was to be enacted at the proper Time, on a goodly Stage, representing a paftoral Wilderness, with Trees, Bushes, Shrubs, Brambles, and Thickets, interspersed with Birds and Beasts. In the midft, Apollo, playing on his Lyre: on either Side a Satyr, mopping, mowing, and curvetting. This was, as you may plainly perceive, altogether diverse from, and very superior to, the Drapers' tasteless Pageant of Salisbury Plain, whereon were affembled Shepherds, Shepherdeffes, Carders, Spinners, Dyers, Wool-combers, Shermen, Dreffers, Fullers, Weavers, without any Order or Propriety.

Ours was of another guess Sort, Sir! I fancy there was some little Classicality in it, though

though I fay it that should not. After the Hall Dinner, ('twas noted of all how pretty Anne, the young Bride, looked as Lady Mayoress!) the Players having set up their Stage, Apollo was discovered lying all along, a playing of his Lyre, with his Crook cast aside and his Sheep scattered hither and thither: and, quod he,

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"Whoe'er may it gainfay,
I am the God of Day;
And it is also I
Am God of Poetry:
Howbeit, 'tis my Fate,
Thus cast from high Estate,
In these poor Weeds to keep
The good Admetus' Sheep."

Apollo describeth himself and his Calling;

—And fo forth, explaining why he had been banished from Heaven by Jupiter. Entereth to him Admetus, not wisting who he is, beyond his hired Servant, whereon they parley on Things in general, especially the Wool Trade and Cloth-working (with a Hit, here and there, at the Drapers). Then the merry Sound

and entereth into general Conversation with Admetus.

Sound of Drumes and Pfiffes caufeth them to step aside behind the Trees, and there entereth a Company of Shepherds and Shepherdeffes finging the Praises of their fair Lady Alcestis, represented by a fair Boy i' the Midst, crowned with Guirlands. Then Admetus doeth Apollo to wit how that he is enamoured of Alcestis, whose Father will in no wife bestow her save on one that shall yoke a Boar and Lion together in a Car. Then Apollo, who hath a dark Lanthorn aneath his Cloke, wherewith he ever and anon maketh a fudden Flare into Admetus' Eyes, who wisteth not whence it cometh, nor wotteth 'tis the funbright Glory of his celeftial Gueft, biddeth Admetus not to lofe Heart, for that he will accomplish his Task for him. And thereupon taking up his Lyre, he beginneth to fing and play after fuch a transporting Manner, that the Birds give over finging in the Trees, and hop down on his Shoulders, the Beafts begin to glare at him through the Thickets, and then to gather about him, fubdued unto a kind of furly Softness,-whereon Apollo, giving Admetus a private

private Nod and continuing his playing, Admetus, without more Ado, takes a Yoke wreathed with Flowers from one of the Shepherds, yoketh therewith a Lion and a Boar into a Car that is prefently brought in, placeth Alcestis in it, driveth her to the Feet of her Father, (a King,) who arriveth opportunely and can no longer fay why the Marriage should not be solemnizated; and, their Hands being joined by him, the Shepherds and Shepherdesses dance about them, Apollo still playing; and one and all chant a Chorus in praise of Clothworking.

Ha! that was a notable good Pageant! Far better than mine own, many Years after, which I need not tell thee, Lad, I did not devife myfelf. The Toy was pretty, too, and appropriate—the Story of Jafon, whom I believe to have been nothing more nor lefs than a Merchant-adventurer that equipped his Ship the Argonaut, and by his Traffic and Commerce carried off the Golden Fleece; that is to fay, the Trade of the World.

Scarce were the Pageants over, and Master

• Hewet,

An Authour commendeth his own Work;

and laudeth ye May-oralty of London; after himself having borne ye Sword not in vayn.

Hewet, that is to fay Sir William, fet to his daily and hard Work—(for a Lord Mayor, Hew, hath no lazy Time on 't! He prefides at the Sittings of the Court of Aldermen, Common Council, and Common Hall, is Judge of the London Sessions at Guildhall, Justice of the Peace for Southwark, Escheator in London and Southwark, Conservator of the Thames, figns notarial Documents, prefides at Public Meetings, founds Charities, is Trustee for Hospitals, attends the Privy Council on the Accession of Sovereigns, and—not to weary thee with the hearing of what I've had the doing—fits daily in his own Justice Room by the Space of four or five Hours). Well, but, to begin a new Parenthesis, have we not had fome fine Fellows among us? Look at Fitz-Alwin refisting one Sovereign, Walworth defending another, Picard feafting four Kings at his Table, Philpot raising a thousand Men at his private Charges to put down Pirates, Bamne relieving a great Dearth by importing foreign Corn, Falconer supplying Henry the Fifth with the Wherewithal for his French Wars, Whittington

tington founding Divinity Lectures and building Newgate, Wells supplying the City with fresh Water, Eyre building Leadenhall for a Public Garner, and bestowing five thousand Marks on the Poor, Stockton knighted on the Field by his King for good Service in Battle, Fabian compiling Chronicles, White founding a College, and defending our Bridge; and, not to be farther tedious unto thee, Sir William Hewet, the Benefactor of every Hospital, and of the Poor of every Parish, besides bequeathing a Dowry to every poor Maid in the Parish of Wales, or Hartshill, in Yorkshire, that should marry within a Year of his Deceafe. These Men, Hew, were Worthies in their Generation! And if Master Hewet had a hard Shrievalty, he had a joyous Mayoralty, under the early Rays of that fostering Sun, our glorious Sovereign Lady Elizabeth!

There is great Peace in the Land. I fay not we are better than we were, but we are happier and more prosperous. Sometimes I think those Days of Trial did us good: The Lord hath Favourunto a Land when he giveth it a godly Queen.

they

The Colloquies of Edward Osborne.

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they tried us even as Silver is tried; the baser Metal perished. Let us not settle on the Lees, lest a worse Thing come upon us.

FINIS.









en karalara ka Karalara ka